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NO ONE CAN SAY how long six men in a water-tight compartment of submarine S-4 can withstand the horrors of dark and cold and the desperate fight for air. As we go to press, hundreds of men above them are working as they never worked before, diving into icy water, buffeted by wind and cold, employing every device known to science to help their comrades fast in the grip of the sea. And the sea waits. The sea can always wait; it is secure, strong, without conscience or justice. It is a force that men have wrestled with for thousands of years; if occasionally men seem to win in the unequal struggle, the sea has only to stretch out a finger, to breathe in its sleep—and the victory is turned to defeat. At no time do man and the resources of modern science seem so helpless as in a battle with the sea. If we could speak to the six trapped in the ship, we could say only: "Courage—and wait!" To the workers outside it is idle to say: "Courage—and hurry!" The sea is waiting.

THE "HOLIDAYS" ARE HERE once more. Christmas has come back to a world of coal strikes and million-dollar incomes, of salt pork at ten cents a pound and turkey

at sixty, of trips to Cuba in order properly to observe the season by obeisance to Bacchus and of midnight carols over the radio, in which millions of persons are asked to join. Christmas comes to tables laden with every sort of eatable and drinkable and to a bare board on which charity has spread a meager meal; winter stars will shine on Soviet Russia on Christmas night, on a boy king of Rumania, on England struggling with the problems of a dole and a diminished Eastern trade, on a prosperous America—where if there are those who will go hungry they will have the decency to hide the fact in a land of plenty. Mussolini, in Italy, will pay his duty to the Queen of Heaven; missionaries in China will pay theirs, surrounded by hundreds of millions of yellow men and women who have never heard of her. President Coolidge will keep Christmas, and Mr. William Randolph Hearst, and Mr. and Mrs. Blumberg in the Bronx and Mrs. Vere de Vere on Park Avenue and the customers at Mr. Zero's Tub will receive an extra-sized piece of pie and the national bird will be a burnt offering from one end of this country to all the others. Men will worship a baby born in a stable, they will recall an ancient festival far more than two millennia old, they will take advantage of an opportunity to eat more than is good for them, they will hang glass balls on a young evergreen cut from the living forest, and separate children fighting over Christmas toys. In that section of the world described as "Christian" hardly a person but will pay tribute to Christmas with hand or heart or breath. A mad world. Merry Christmas to it!

MUSSOLINI HAS FORBIDDEN officers in uniform to dance the Black Bottom; Mussolini has decreed that there are too many feast days and holidays in Italy and some of them must be abolished; Mussolini has ordered that half of all the music played in public places in Italy must be Italian—including concert halls, movie houses, and dance halls. Mussolini has finally demanded that both officials and private individuals refrain from sending him Christmas gifts or greetings. It is with the greatest good-will, therefore, with singing hearts and happy voices, that we do not wish Mussolini a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year! Nor are we sending our best wishes for the Christmas season to the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company of Manchester, New Hampshire. A 10 per cent reduction in wages has been decided on by that organization, to affect everyone in the shop from the highest official to those at the very bottom. For the latter, 10 per cent is a considerable slice lopped off their weekly stipend, and the compensatory reduction of 10 per cent in rent for the company's tenements by no means equalizes matters. However, reductions in wages do occur, particularly among textile workers. At the moment, we do not complain so much of the reduction itself, as of the extraordinary lack of imagination on the part of the officials who considered it necessary. It goes into effect on December 24. December 24 is Christmas Eve.

JUST AS TWO ARE NEEDED to make a quarrel, so two are necessary to effect a peace. At the conference called by Secretary of Labor Davis to consider the coal situation,

representatives of the miners were present in full force—and representatives of the operators were largely absent. The principal operators in the Pennsylvania, Ohio, and West Virginia bituminous coal-fields failed to appear at the conference. The conference went on without them and, as might have been predicted, failed to reach any definite decision. Various expedients were suggested, among them the appointment of a "czar" for the industry—a Will Hays of the mines or possibly Old King Cole himself. But nothing really happened. The Secretary, according to the *New York Times*, "followed the usual methods of mediation, meeting the mine owners present and the officials of the miners' union separately." We submit that no business was ever settled with the participants calling each other names in adjoining rooms. Secretary Davis is quoted as saying that if public opinion should be aroused the Government could "compel action for the national good, however distasteful that action may temporarily be to the parties immediately affected." But the operators knew that public opinion is asleep, that the miners in their tent colonies are cold and hungry, and that this Administration prefers talking to taking action.

HOSPITALS IN COLORADO are demanding payment for miners, victims of the machine-guns of the State militia; meetings are forbidden; peaceful picketing is prohibited. Frank Palmer of the miners' relief committee has been arrested, although no charge has been preferred against him, and a friend telegraphs *The Nation* that Palmer cannot write in jail the second article on the Colorado strike which we had been expecting from him. A Pittsburgh university professor reports that 7,475 miners near that city are living in barracks—some of them in sight of the boarded-up homes from which the companies evicted them. Colorado has its shivering tent colonies. It is a grim Christmas for the miners. A few friends have sent them Christmas gifts through the Emergency Committee for Miners Relief, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City, and we cordially commend the committee to the attention of readers who have Christmas spirit and Christmas pennies to spare.

HENRY L. STIMSON has been named to fill Leonard Wood's vacant post as Governor General of the Philippines. Mr. Stimson was a close friend of Governor Wood's; he proved his executive ability as Secretary of War under President Taft; he showed another kind of ability when President Coolidge sent him to settle the mess in Nicaragua. There at least he grappled with the facts with both arms. He established a kind of peace, although he did it by maintaining a beaten President in office and buying off the bulk of the Liberal army. The Marine Corps, left in power, still has tough problems to solve. The Filipinos can hardly be treated as cavalierly, nor, indeed, do we believe that Mr. Stimson would care to do so. He is no political featherweight, but a lawyer of high standing whose record has at times approached statesmanship. At one time he advocated a program of giving the Filipinos parliamentary responsibility, hoping, apparently, to prepare them for a status similar to that of Canada within the British Empire. If he still holds to that view he will find a light task ahead of him. The Filipinos are not—not yet, at any rate—anti-American, but they resented, as any people would resent, General Wood's attempt to thrust them back into less freedom than they had attained and enjoyed.

OKLAHOMA'S DOGFIGHT has stopped for the Christmas holidays. That is sensible, but it is doubtful whether the holiday spirit will affect the spirit of the contestants. The House of Representatives, meeting after midnight in a hotel bedroom, has preferred charges against the Governor, and the Senate has convened as a court of impeachment to hear them. The Governor has withdrawn the militia whom he ordered to keep the legislators out of the State House, but he has not yet indicated any intention of replying to the indictment. To the original charges of maladministration has been added in public the allegation which has been whispered from the beginning—improper relations with his competent confidential secretary, Mrs. O. O. Hammonds. Readers of *The Nation* will recall Aldrich Blake's illuminating discussion of her astrology and politics in our issue of September 14. The legal right of a legislature to call itself into session is a matter for the courts to decide; but the layman would expect a governor who believed that he had done his duty to court rather than oppose investigation of his official acts.

NATIONALIST CHINA has broken off relations with Soviet Russia, while the conservatives of the North continue doing business as usual. The obvious explanation of this ironic fact is that Russian trade is an important part of the business of North China, while the consulates in the South have little trade to attend to and become inevitably centers of propaganda. But there is more than this. The capital of the Nationalist Government—which has recalled Chiang Kai-shek from his voluntary exile in an effort to win new strength—is at Nanking, within gunfire of the Western battleships, and it is within gassing distance of that center of all that is poisonous in China, Shanghai. It cannot exist in that area without the good-will of the British and other foreigners who control the Yangtze, and its expulsion of the Russians is in part an effort to win such good-will. It is also in part an expression of class differences within the Kuomintang, the Nationalist Party. In its youth that party succeeded in combining Chinese capitalists with Chinese labor and peasants. Today the gulf is deep between them, and the alliance of generals and bankers which has won control of the party organization is willing to go to any length to suppress proletarian movements among their fellow-countrymen. Scott Nearing's article, elsewhere in this issue, tells the past of the story. The present chapter is being written in blood at Canton. In suppressing an attempt by labor forces to overthrow the local general thousands were killed, hundreds in cold blood after the battle was over—among them sixty women whose revolutionary crime was that they had bobbed hair.

STUDENTS ON THE LOOSE are never a pleasant sight. When they stop shows or throw chinaware they are a pest; when, as in Rumania, they engage in anti-Semitic and anti-Hungarian riots in which numerous victims are killed and many others badly injured they become a national menace. At a recent Rumanian national congress in Oradia Mare, a frontier town, student delegates from Bucharest killed at least four persons and wounded about forty, and at the same time looted newspaper offices, shops, and the residence of the local rabbi, who was beaten into insensibility. On the way back to the university the student group continued its depredations on property and its attacks on Jews and Hungarians and injured an American citizen.

Local police made little if any effort to stop the raiders, and not until several days later did the Rumanian Government admit that the riots had really been the work of Rumanians. However, when Bucharest newspapers reported that various European and American firms had threatened to withdraw credits from Rumanian industry as a result of the student excesses, the Government decided to act. When the student delegates returned to Bucharest several hundred of them were arrested; a court martial for thirty-three of them has already begun; and delinquent police officials have been replaced. It is impossible to say how effective these punitive measures will be. Students who live in a country where government authority rests in the hands of a tyrannical few will not easily learn tolerance.

PARKER GILBERT'S third report as Agent General of Reparations is an optimistic document. He notes that while there were two million unemployed in Germany last January there are less than half a million today. The cost of living is rising, but an economist may regard that as an indication of a growing internal market. Virtually half the 1927 reparations payments were made in cash, as against two-thirds paid in kind last year. Mr. Gilbert still sees a need for caution and for administrative reform, but he credits the Government with good-will. He insists that reparations are a first charge on Germany, and that commercial loans have a secondary security; and he makes one pregnant remark, suggesting that there will be no final solution "until Germany has been given a definite task to perform on her own responsibility, without foreign supervision and without transfer protection." In other words, he wants the total of reparations finally fixed, and the responsibility for payment left entirely upon Germany's shoulders. He wants to abolish his own job and eliminate all suggestion of coercion. The French take this hint mildly, because they see in another phrase a suggestion that concurrently the whole question of inter-Allied debts should be reopened.

THE FLOOD-STRICKEN STATES of the Lower Mississippi Valley can find little consolation in the statement of President Coolidge that they are expected to bear part of the cost of future flood control. Adequate flood control will cost at least \$200,000,000. Should the local communities be asked to pay a third of the total cost, their share would amount to approximately \$67,000,000. To demand this vast sum from virtually bankrupt communities—in which the flood losses have been so great that State and local taxes have had to be remitted—is plainly to demand the impossible. On this score the United States Chamber of Commerce has taken issue with the President, advocating that the federal government assume the whole cost of controlling the Mississippi. The additional confusion which President Coolidge creates by connecting flood control with Western land reclamation is plainly due to a complete misunderstanding of the fundamentals of the situation.

A READER IN MINNESOTA, Viggo Justesen, notes our commendation of William B. Munro for his protest against "bawling at the voters," and writes to suggest a law making voting necessary under pain of losing the franchise. He proposes a constitutional amendment like this:

Every qualified voter in a democracy has the duty of suffrage placed upon him when he accepts the privilege. If

he shirks his duty he shall also be denied the privilege. If he fails to avail himself of his opportunity the opportunity shall be taken from him. For his first failure to vote his rights shall be revoked for two years; for the second failure, four years; for the third, eight years, etc.

Our correspondent thinks that with such legislation the electors who do not vote—reaching up to 50 per cent—would do so. Of these non-voters he says:

Many of them fail to vote now merely because they feel they do not have time to become informed on political matters and consequently they will not cast an uninformed vote. That they will always vote wisely is highly improbable, but they are at least open to conviction. . . . There are enough of them to change the entire government if they saw fit. They could defeat Coolidge, and if shown him as he is, they would.

Australia recently passed a law under which a qualified elector who fails to vote is fined \$10. In consequence the vote in 1925 was 90 per cent of the possible total instead of 60 per cent as in the last previous election. But we are unaware of any effect other than a larger number of ballots.

COMPULSORY VOTING, or any similar plan, would change politics in the United States as little, we believe, as "bawling at the voters." Indeed it is merely turning from persuasion to force. Our correspondent says of the 50 per cent of non-voters: "They could defeat Coolidge, and if shown him as he is, they would." But what is there in any kind of compulsory voting that would reveal Coolidge "as he is"? Such a revelation, if profound enough to be important, would also disclose our political system as it is; it would lay bare the deceptions and futilities of both of our major parties. When we plead to "get out the issues" we have in mind such a revelation, such a revaluation, of our political problems and possibilities. It is our contention that no substantial progress is to be expected from either the Republican or the Democratic Party as now constituted. Their platforms are equally evasive of realities and their candidates are alike indifferent to the welfare of the majority of the people. An exceptional candidate here and there cannot alter the general character of his party and tends only to preserve the beliefs of the public in an outworn system. Our two major parties have degenerated into window-dressing for the control of the country by a privileged minority. The average man sees this more clearly than he is sometimes believed to do. But either he thinks himself powerless to effect any change or else he prefers to take a gambler's chance for one of the big prizes instead of working to establish a more just system for all. In either case why go to the polls? Hope lies, not in persuasion or compulsion, but in more understanding, more courage, and more humanity.

HENRY NOEL BRAILSFORD, who is on his way to the United States, is an odd recruit in the army of English lecturers. He despises bunk; he does not soft-soap his own empire; he dares to criticize his own party. His editorship of the *New Leader* made it a force in international thinking in three continents; and his realistic analysis of post-war Europe has been a force for sanity. The New School for Social Research does itself honor in inviting him to lecture to its students. What Mr. Brailsford has to say of British labor, of the disrepute and future of democracy, of Europe's role in Asia and America's in Europe, will be worth hearing.

"The Sewer System of American Journalism"

MR. HEARST'S character, or lack of it, has long been known of all men who cared to study him. His journals have portrayed it in yellow and black, year in and year out. It is not often, however, that he paints himself as a journalist as clearly as he did when called before the Senate Committee on December 15 to inquire into his charges that \$1,240,000 was taken from the Mexican treasury ostensibly to line the pockets of four United States Senators, together with other sums to procure the editor of *The Nation*, another editor as yet unnamed, and a newspaper syndicate likewise unnamed, for the Mexican cause. On the witness stand, under oath, there ensued the following colloquy:

Q. Now, Mr. Hearst, when did you get the papers which contained the names of United States Senators? Were they in the first batch? A. They were in the first batch.

Q. What investigation, if any, did you make to ascertain whether payments actually reached Senators as hinted at in these documents? A. We could not make any investigations without entirely disclosing the documents.

Q. Well, did you make any? A. No.

Q. Did you interview any of these Senators to find out their side of the transaction? A. No.

Q. Did you make any investigation to find out whether the money mentioned in certain telegrams here had actually been transmitted by telegraph to New York? A. I think we tried to make such investigations. . . .

Q. Have you obtained any evidence which indicates any Senator accepted any payment mentioned in these letters? A. No.

Q. Have you any reason to believe that any Senator did accept any such money? A. I have no reason to believe it at all. As a matter of fact I do not believe it. I believe they did not. That is my personal opinion.

Q. Have you any evidence or have you heard of any evidence to show that any of these Senators knew anything about this transaction? A. No.

Q. How much did you pay in all for these papers, Mr. Hearst? A. I imagine about \$15,000 or \$16,000.

Q. That was paid in instalments as the letters came along, was it? A. Yes.

We here have Mr. Hearst confessing that he printed documents falsely assailing the honor of American public men although he did not believe in their truth, admitting that he did not make any investigation whatever, so far as the Senators were concerned, to ascertain what the Senators themselves had to say about these charges. His pretense is that he published them with the names deleted, as he printed that affecting the honor of *The Nation* and its editor, in order to force a Congressional investigation. He was willing and ready to set afloat thereby a host of rumors which filled the lobbies at Washington and affected far more men than the four Senators named—in order, he says, to clear the honor of our public men! It is too thin. Honor and Mr. Hearst have too long been strangers to make it appear that they are now bedfellows. He printed those documents because he had paid \$15,000 or \$16,000 and did not want to lose his investment. He was after sensations to increase the circulation of his journals, and he took a chance of escaping libel suits by blotting out the names of the men he was willing to traduce. We do not believe that in the history of American journalism there has been more das-

tardly conduct in the responsible owner of an American newspaper. He has shown himself, as the *New York World* points out, unfair, cowardly, without scruple, and beneath contempt.

These adjectives and more besides he would merit if his publication concerned only the honor of the men directly affected. He deserves a still worse branding because the matter profoundly affects two great nations. The whole series of these documents which began with an attempt to show that Mexico had been taking sides against us in the Nicaraguan imbroglio was as if planned to injure the friendly relations between Mexico and the United States. For years past Mr. Hearst's course as to Mexico has been tortuous in the extreme. On May 3, 1916, he wrote over his own name: "Our flag should wave over Mexico as the symbol of the rehabilitation of that unhappy country and its redemption to 'humanity' and civilization. Our right in Mexico is the right of humanity." But on February 7, 1922, this devil a monk would be. He then asked plaintively a question particularly apropos in view of his latest performance: "Every human interest that appeals to a nation calls on us to do justice to Mexico—politics, diplomacy, business, national defense. . . . *Why inflict conspiracy and injuries on a government that is trying to be friendly and from whose friendship we can derive only benefit?*" Now he prints doctored documents, the dates of one of which he alters and "touches up" between editions, and seeks to spread abroad the belief that Mexico is bent upon corrupting for her own purposes the public men of America. We do not know if he was moved to this because of anger over his failure to have the titles to his Chihuahuan lands confirmed, as is alleged by the head of the Mexican government news agency, or not. He admitted on the witness stand that he feared the libel law if he printed the names of those involved and he sought to break the force of this admission by asserting that he, as a great property-owner in Mexico, had much more to lose by printing these documents. They might, he suggested, lead to hostilities against him in Mexico.

Well, they ought to lead to hostilities against him wherever decent men are assembled, wherever men have some regard for the honor of their country and the integrity of their public men. We have enough admitted sins by American public officials to answer for, heaven knows, without having baseless suspicions set on foot without the slightest attempt at an adequate inquiry. As a matter of fact, wherever we have heard the case discussed there has been only one opinion voiced—that the Senate Committee should sift the entire matter from top to bottom and find out the motives behind it, and that if any law exists against such scandalous journalism that law should be applied to Mr. Hearst himself, not to his tools and hirelings. We believe that there will be universal agreement with Senator Norris's public letter to Mr. Hearst in which he declares that Hearst's record in this case

is sufficient to place your publications in disrepute in the minds of all honest men, and it demonstrates that the Hearst system of newspapers, spreading like a venomous web to all parts of our country, constitutes the sewer system of American journalism.

Selling Jesus

THE Bible, Mr. Bruce Barton has told the world, is the book nobody (except Mr. Bruce Barton) knows, and Jesus is the man nobody (except Mr. Bruce Barton) knows. But his publishers, and the Review of Reviews Corporation, which offers Mr. Barton's books cheap with an eighteen months' subscription to their magazine, intend that everybody shall know what Mr. Bruce Barton knows. They intend to "sell" Jesus—or Mr. Bruce Barton's picture of Jesus.

"The Discovery of Jesus," they head their circular. Mr. Barton, it appears, discovered Jesus. He was dissatisfied with the elder version; he studied the texts; he got the dope. Hence the books—and the advertising copy. We quote:

Jesus . . . a killjoy? He was the most popular dinner guest in Jerusalem. He was criticized because He enjoyed society too much.

A failure? He picked up twelve men and forged them into an organization that conquered the world.

When the business man finished reading [Jesus's own words], he exclaimed "This is a man nobody knows. Some day someone will write a book about Jesus. Every business man will read it and send it to his partners and salesmen, for it will tell the story of the founder of modern business."

Bruce Barton, we learn, was the business man, and finally he wrote the book himself. Perhaps he also wrote the advertising copy for it. We quote again:

Jesus was a real executive . . . a great advertising man. . . . The parables are the greatest advertisements of all time. The principles of modern salesmanship are all brilliantly exemplified in Jesus's talk and work.

The story, the copy-writer says, is "the most exalted success story of all time." "Barton found that Jesus developed three rules for gaining success in any business." "Only strong, magnetic men build great organizations. He built the greatest organization of all." (The copy-reader should have looked up the history of St. Paul.) "Every employer in the United States," we learn, "ought to send copies of these books to the ten most valuable men in his organization." (Why only ten?) "They would give them a new thrilling conception of modern business."

But it is in the accompanying mimeographed letter that the copy-writer reached his peak. Once more we quote:

DEAR READER:

Jesus Christ "the founder of modern business"?

Jesus a master of efficiency in organization, a born executive?

Jesus a sociable man, a cheerful, bright companion with a pat story on His lips . . . wording the best advertisements ever written?

. . . Barton's two books interest and aid the rich and powerful; they help any cub salesman to get orders for shoe polish—and to work on principles that lead him toward riches and power.

Riches and power—and orders for shoe polish. There was once a man who talked differently. "Blessed are the meek," he said. "Why take ye thought for raiment?" "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." "Go and sell all that thou hast, and give to the poor." "Verily I say unto you that a rich man shall hardly enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle

than for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of God." And in one terrible passage: "Woe unto ye, scribes and Pharisees. . . ."

Railroading or Stockjobbing?

WITH the country at the threshold of important railroad consolidations and groupings, authorized by the Transportation Act of 1920, it is vital that the Interstate Commerce Commission shall insist that these new opportunities be used in the public interest, as the law provides, and not to stifle competition or pile up profits through speculation in stocks for railway officers and bankers. The Transportation Act does not repeal the Sherman and Clayton anti-trust laws which forbid a railroad to acquire control of a competing line through stock ownership. The newer legislation merely empowers the Interstate Commerce Commission to suspend the provisions of the older acts when it thinks this would be in the public interest. But railroad attorneys and bankers have stepped way beyond this. They have interpreted the Transportation Act as giving one road a right to acquire anything short of a majority ownership in a competitor before applying to the Interstate Commerce Commission, on the ground that otherwise the price might be raised to a prohibitive point.

This looks like a clear violation of the anti-trust statutes even if the purpose be legitimate—which is doubtful. Practical control of most companies can be obtained through holding less than a majority of the stock. It is just as effective usually to hold 49 per cent (or somewhat less) as 51 per cent. It is bad enough if a railroad, having violated the law in advance of its application to the Interstate Commerce Commission, obtains the approval of that body for its acquisitions, but it becomes doubly dangerous if the proposed arrangement is disallowed. A striking example is found in the recent history of the St. Louis Southwestern Railway Company, which operates about 1,000 miles of railroad between St. Louis and Shreveport, Louisiana. The St. Louis Southwestern, popularly known as the Cotton Belt, has been out of the control of its stockholders—and in that of its competitors—for nearly three years, most of this time subsequent to denials by the Interstate Commerce Commission of applications to acquire the road. Five months ago Walter E. Meyer, a minority stockholder in the Cotton Belt, asked the commission to proceed under the Clayton Act to compel the railroad's competitors to divest themselves of its stock, but no action has been taken.

In March, 1925, Edwin Gould, then in control of the St. Louis Southwestern, sold his interest to the Rock Island. That railroad then applied to the Interstate Commerce Commission for permission to do what it had already done—acquire stock control of a competitor. The application was denied the following August as against the public interest. Thereupon the Rock Island sold its holdings to the Kansas City Southern—another competitor of the St. Louis Southwestern. The Kansas City Southern, headed by L. F. Loree, had previously acquired a third of the stock of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas, popularly known as the Katy. Mr. Loree arranged to have the Katy take over the Kansas City Southern's 155,000 shares of Cotton Belt stock and later asked the Interstate Commerce Commission to O. K. his plans. On May 3, last, the application was denied by the commission as against the public interest, the following

passage in the decision revealing the intricate financial methods resorted to:

Between January 27 and February 26, 1926, and after the Kansas City Southern had thus acquired practical control of the Cotton Belt, the latter company purchased 100,000 shares of the common stock of the M. K. & T. Witnesses for the applicants stated that this purchase was in pursuance of a plan for the control of the M. K. & T. by the Kansas City Southern and Cotton Belt jointly, with the object of distributing the financial burden, but that as their counsel advised that there might be some question as to the legality of such control, it was decided that these 100,000 shares should be transferred to the Kansas City Southern. At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the M. K. & T. on April 9, 1926, the number of shares voted was 893,047 or 82.15 per cent of the total. Of these the Kansas City Southern voted as owned or through proxies 557,134 shares, including apparently the 100,000 shares owned by the Cotton Belt, or 51.25 per cent of the outstanding stock and 62.39 per cent of the total shares voted, and, as Loree testified, "the Kansas City Southern took control of the property, electing representatives from the group that had theretofore spoken for it under agreement." He further testified that a majority of the M. K. & T. directors were elected at the instance of the Kansas City Southern.

The record also shows that the ten directors present at the meeting of the board of the M. K. & T. held on July 21, 1926, at which the resolution authorizing the company to acquire the 155,000 shares of Cotton Belt stock was adopted, held only 200 shares of the preferred and 1,310 shares of the common stock of the M. K. & T., of which 700 shares of common stock were held for account of the Kansas City Southern.

But according to the brief submitted to the Interstate Commerce Commission last August by Mr. Meyer, in behalf of himself and other minority stockholders, the situation was even worse than indicated in the commission's statement. Mr. Meyer said:

The total outstanding capitalization of St. Louis Southwestern consists of 198,936 shares of preferred and 163,561 shares of common stock; both preferred and common have equal voting rights. At the time of the annual election [the day after the commission's adverse decision] Kansas City Southern and Missouri-Kansas-Texas owned 135,000 shares of St. Louis Southwestern preferred and 20,000 shares of St. Louis Southwestern common. Messrs. Kuhn, Loeb & Company and Ladenburg, Thalmann & Company, banking advisers of the Kansas City Southern, owned 40,000 shares of the common. Thus, the roads in control and their banking advisers were the owners of 195,000 shares out of the total of 362,497 shares outstanding capital stock, amounting to over 51 per cent thereof.

The opportunities for stockjobbing and profits for insiders in transactions like these are obvious. It may be impossible to prevent railroad officers from speculating individually in the possibilities arising through changing control, but they stand to lose if the Interstate Commerce Commission disapproves the plans. On the other hand, if railway officers commit their companies to the purchase of stocks, these men guarantee their speculations at the expense of the shareholders if the purchases result in losses. In its recent report to Congress the Interstate Commerce Commission asks for wider powers in connection with consolidations and stock acquisition among the railroads. It may need more power, but it appears to have sufficient authority already to end such flagrant abuses as those here described. Why not use it?

Women and Artists

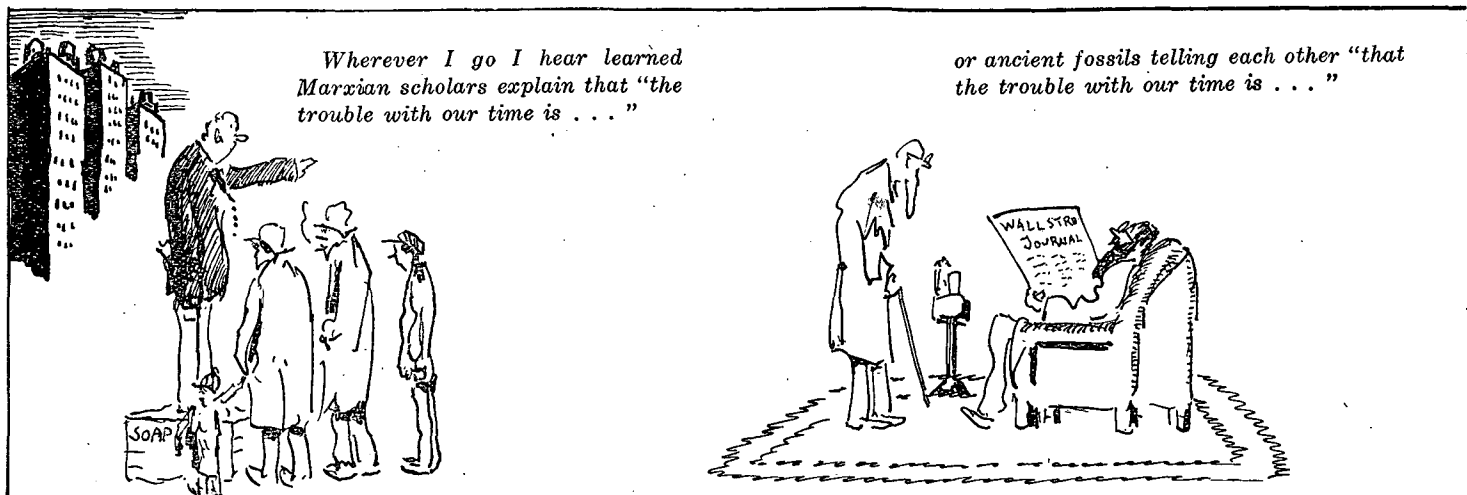
ONE thousand of the foremost musicians and music-lovers of New York came together on December 18 to rejoice in the fiftieth anniversary of Marcella Sembrich's first appearance on the stage. Whom did they praise? A great artist, of course; but a greater woman. For here is one who, born in the simplest of Polish peasant homes, has possessed beauty and charm as well as musical genius, but never in her long life was she ever deprived of poise or swollen to conceit by her great fame and success or by the applause of a united musical world. Her charm, her simplicity, her inborn kindliness and unselfishness—these are today as fresh and untainted as her rare artistry itself. Unwilling even now to indulge herself by ease, unable to detach herself from her o'erweening passion for struggling musicianly youth, she teaches in winter at two great musical institutions, and all summer at her Lake George studio, with all the enthusiasm of her art. Throughout the audience were past and present pupils bringing to her a devotion and a love such as comes only to the greatest teachers.

Thirty years on the operatic stage, of which twenty-five were spent at the Metropolitan Opera in New York; ten years upon the concert stage; and now another ten as a teacher—such is the record of Madame Sembrich. She was of the galaxy of artists which opened the Metropolitan in 1883, and pictures of her in no less than twenty-nine operatic roles adorned the program of the dinner in her honor—a record surpassed in length by others, but surely by none in versatility. Mistress of the Italian art of coloratura singing, she turned, as one of the speakers said, from the operatic stage to the deeper art of interpreting the great deathless songs of the European peoples with a success that would alone insure her permanent fame if she had not secured herself a lasting place in musical annals by those exquisite, winsome, and charming appearances in opera which raised to the highest point the standards required by modern audiences in every role she essayed. Now they call her the greatest of teachers, a true mother to her pupils. She still cannot bear to hurt an aspirant for musical honors. Once she sent, without previous consultation, to another teacher a student who bawled so abominably that there seemed no hope whatever for her. "Madame X will tell you what I think," said Madame Sembrich. Madame X guessed when the pupil came, but decided to try what could be done. Two years later when she and Madame X met for the first time thereafter Sembrich's first question was for the girl who had seemed so hopeless.

Next to Madame Sembrich sat another wonderful veteran, Ernestine Schumann-Heink, a true American who has repaid a thousand times in her patriotic devotion what America has done for her. There again the great woman and the great artist united in a sturdy character, united in kindliness. She is retiring now after fifty-one years of public appearance—still pleasing and stimulating at sixty-six. And abroad is living, and teaching at seventy-nine, Lilli Lehmann, in memory still a part of musical New York. What giantesses, what admirable examples of great womanhood on the stage, what fountains of energy and power! What proof that to artistic supereminence may be coupled simplicity, sweetness, modesty, selflessness, the ardent desire to pass on one's art to others, and a deep sense of public responsibility in return for wonderful gifts of nature.

Wherever I go I hear learned
Marxian scholars explain that "the
trouble with our time is . . ."

or ancient fossils telling each other "that
the trouble with our time is . . ."



Meanwhile the real "trouble with our time" is simple. Every age had its own rhythm. There was for
example the pleasant rhythm of the Greeks;

there was the less pleasant but efficient rhythm of the Romans.

The pious Middle Ages had a rhythm all their own.

The ponderous seventeenth century had an awkward rhythm,

which was followed by the gay rhythm of the eighteenth century;

but our own time has no rhythm; it borrows a little from all previous ages. Give us a rhythm of our own
and we shall all be happy.

Rhythms of the Ages

It Seems To Heywood Brown

YEHUDI MENUHIN, the violinist, is ten years old and concert managers are offering him \$5,000 for each concert. My own son is rounding nine and has not earned a penny. Naturally, the twenty-five cents which he gets on Saturday for taking cod-liver oil is not set down as sheer profit since that comes out of my own pocket. Under the circumstances I might be expected to wag my head in the direction of Yehudi and express concern that one so young should be deprived of childhood's heritage. But this I cannot do. It seems to me that infancy is much the hardest stage within the life of man. The years until sixteen are very largely wasted. When I see little ones romping and shouting at their play my emotion is largely tinged with sorrow.

Not for lost youth do I weep; no, not a single bucket. It makes me sad to watch folk fevered by the pursuit of pleasure. If fun came easily to children they would not work so hard in chasing it. Supposedly age brings weariness and loss of all illusions, but I will match a child shut in by rain against the world's severest cynic. "But there isn't anything to do" is not an adult whine.

I had long curls and was well fed and played with friends and neighbors. Looking back it seems to me the games were not enthralling. Most of the diversions of childhood are based upon the existence of some small Stephen who is made to bear the brunt of merriment. He who gets slapped finds tag a dreary pastime. I know a hundred grown-up activities more interesting than being a captive at prisoner's base. Our hide-and-seek was based upon the principle that all except the blind-fold boy retired to some yard and let him snoop about disconsolate till supper. In theory this evens up but I was "it" so often that I abandoned faith in the law of averages and Santa Claus with simultaneity.

Were Yehudi what is called a normal boy he might be in the streets muttering "All my sheep gather in a heap for I spy the woolly, woolly wolf." Or, perhaps, "Red Rover, Red Rover, let Isadore come over." Instead young Menuhin is playing the Beethoven Concerto. I have never played Beethoven but if half the pleasant things I've heard of him are true he offers far more entertainment than one horse cop or shinny.

"He was," one critic wrote about the young maestro, "happy, playing with entire sincerity and enormous enthusiasm." What more could any parents desire for their child? And still another commentator spoke of Yehudi's "languorous passion" and his "white-hot emotion," which gives him quite a start on most of the tots of ten.

And yet he is not spoiled, for when the interviewers came his father said, "Yehudi, go into the next room, please, and read your book." Obediently he trotted off, "Les Misérables" tightly clutched against his middy blouse. At that same age I was reading "Dick the Newsboy," by Horatio Alger. I believe that there is more in Hugo for a young and ambitious musician.

At one year Yehudi heard a symphony. At four he started on the violin and learned each day as much as most can cover in a month. Maybe he missed fantasies about some doggie with his patty-paws and Johnny Skunk and Peter Rabbit. For him there were no bedtime stories about great, big, enormous Mr. Moon. Instead he dozed off to some little thing by Wieniawski. A boy who can do Tartini's Devil's Trill (the G minor sonata) might well be restless if told much about Winnie-the-Pooh and think of Mr. Milne as pretty silly.

For such a precocious child Santa Claus must have been companionate and divorced at an early age. At this point great bearded men may be found bathed in tears and murmuring "Poor little chap." A slow and trusting child, I stuck to Santa Claus past my eleventh birthday and each minute of fundamentalism I now regret. If my life were in my hand to live all over I would choose to be enlightened at the age of two or earlier. Santa Claus is a big bully devised to entertain the cousins, aunts, and uncles. Few children find comfort in the myth. They took me to the store and let me see him. Next to the journey I made to the Chamber of Horrors in the Eden Musee to celebrate my being five I can remember few early contacts more terrifying.

"And how are you, my little man?" said the big yegg in the white whiskers. I said that I was very well and tried to get my hand away while he held on and inquired whether or no I had been a good boy.

And that I answered affirmatively, dreading all the while the lightning. My sled depended on faultless conduct and so naive was I that perfection passed me only by a very little.

Well, I got the sled. It was not quite the model but neither was I. Late years have proved it was infectious with inhibitions. Santa Claus, that perambulating Puritan, had set his mark upon me. Conviction came that desirable things were to be obtained only by complete submission of the will to others. All this happened back in the nineties but the results are not yet washed away. A thousand sleds could be purchased with the money I have given to psychoanalysts to bring back lost self-assertion. At times I take a stand both brave and right but when editors and idiots press me close there comes to some dark kingdom of my mind the sound of sleigh-bells worn by reindeer. The old pattern reaches out like an octopus. I am the slave of Santa Claus. He who must be placated is abroad again and waiting at the chimney top. For full stockings you must yield obedience and I am not designed to stand on empty ones. The old habit of conformity prevails. "Perhaps you're right," I say to the beefeater in authority. Heywood is a good boy once again and will not lack his orange.

I will waste no pity on Yehudi because he did not long believe that presents were carried to him by contented reindeer. What if he never heard the sky-bells on some frosty morning? Give a boy Brahms, Beethoven, and Mozart and Santa Claus is properly reduced to playing second fiddle.

Covering Washington

The Nation's Biweekly Washington Letter

By THE UNOFFICIAL SPOKESMAN

Washington, D. C.,
December 19



LESS than three years have elapsed since the Old Guard, bloated with pride over the 1924 landslide, voted to banish the Senate Progressives to political Siberia. The ceremony of expulsion was conducted with that unctuous air of superior virtue invariably associated with the names of George Wharton Pepper, William M. Butler, Simon

eon D. Fess, and other high priests and Pharisees of orthodoxy. Standpat newspapers throughout the land acclaimed the deed in editorials sometimes tinged with regret that the punishment of the radicals had not been made more drastic and painful, if not with firing squads or boiling oil, then at least with tar and feathers. That was the way to exterminate Bolsheviks—kick them out and hammer them over the head if they tried to return. Then the party, purged of their malign influence, could go forward to new triumphs of reaction.

* * * * *

ALAS, what a tragic reversal occurred last week when the Senate undertook to organize itself into a legislative body! Victorious in the elections, the despised radicals were all back in their seats; worse, they were back with reinforcements. On the other hand, several seats were conspicuously vacant among the Old Guard, notably those formerly occupied by Pepper, Butler, Wadsworth, and Lenroot. Deprived of the services of two distinguished Senators-elect, to wit, Vare of Pennsylvania and Smith of Illinois, the Old Guard found itself two shy of even a paper majority, and wholly incapable of doing any business whatever without the help of the spurned Progressives. Under the circumstances there was only one thing to do—frankly acknowledge that the Progressives had regained the balance of power, and give them their rightful places and whatever bonuses in addition that were necessary to obtain their co-operation. The proud and ancient boast that the Old Guard dies but never surrenders was exposed as just another myth.

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NINE committee chairmanships are now in Progressive hands, including some of the most important. Borah heads Foreign Relations; Norris has Judiciary; Couzens, Education and Labor; Norbeck, Banking and Currency; Nye, the Public Lands; Frazier, Indian Affairs; Howell, Claims; Johnson, Immigration; and McNary (who at least is Progressive once in three times) has Agriculture. Moreover, on every important committee, excepting Finance and Privileges and Elections, the Progressives can join the

Democrats to form a majority, and on Finance Couzens can produce a deadlock by voting with the Democrats. In addition, the Progressives wrung from the suffering Old Guard a pledge to permit a vote on three questions which clamor for attention: farm relief, restriction of labor injunctions, and investigation of our Latin-American policy. Not even in the heyday of the elder La Follette have the Progressives ever been so strongly intrenched to influence legislation.

* * * * *

THE greatest disappointment which Senator Walsh of Massachusetts has suffered in a long time came from the announcement that Chairman William M. Butler will not run against him next year. This means that Walsh will be only fairly certain of keeping his seat, whereas if Butler had chosen to run he would have been absolutely certain. Butler is Walsh's favorite opponent; he wishes he could have him every time. Butler was made to order for Walsh. Butler is slow; Walsh is quick. Butler is stupid; Walsh is keen. Butler is stiff and offish; Walsh is supple and ingratiating. Butler knows what the Union League Club thinks; Walsh knows what the voters think. A meeting between them is like a meeting between a Baptist parson and a piece of fried chicken—the outcome is never in doubt.

* * * * *

BUT if Butler has renounced further honors for himself, there is no sign he has renounced them for his chief. Mr. Coolidge probably is sincere in his efforts to say that he does not mean to run again, but Butler, in his fumbling, obvious way, undoubtedly was trying to set the stage for the "draft" act when he put the screws on the Southern Committeemen and made them vote for Kansas City for the convention. Secretary Hoover being the leading candidate for the nomination, Butler sends the convention to the center of the anti-Hoover belt and to the home of Hoover's bitterest critic. Thus he envisages a convention deadlock out of which the "unanimous demand" for Mr. Coolidge may come. The writer does not believe that Mr. Coolidge can be drafted. Calvin may not be a statesman, but he knows how to look after himself. He knows what would happen to his reputation in four more years. Now, after six years of trivialness, he can at least retire with a magnificent gesture. And with \$400,000.

* * * * *

CHAIRMAN BUTLER'S main achievement, in addition to sending the convention to Kansas City, was to stir up the nastiest kind of a feud among the Committeemen. Never was his hopeless ineptitude better demonstrated. The Missouri politicians didn't want the convention, and made it perfectly clear that they were merely echoing halfheartedly the Chamber of Commerce ballyhoo back home. For them it means only endless work and worry. The Westerners really wanted it for San Francisco. They regarded Butler's intervention as unwarranted, improper, and gratuitous, and they departed from Washington with blood in their eyes and mayhem in their hearts. To arouse so much acrimony under circumstances so propitious to harmony re-

quired the full exercise of the only talent which Butler possesses—that for doing the worst possible thing in the worst possible way.

* * * * *

ALL those critics who were so indignantly denouncing Senator Wheeler three years ago for his methods in exposing the Department of Justice under Harry M. Daugherty have fallen strangely quiet since the publication of Colonel Charles R. Forbes's narrative in the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* and the *New York World*. Forbes, just out of Leavenworth, where he expiated his part in the Ohio Gang's activities, piled detail on sordid detail to expose what was already known in general terms about the Harding era. He proved that Wheeler was right in contending that only crooks could testify to what went on under Daugherty, because only crooks were in on it. The chief protest recorded thus far against the publication of Forbes's "memoirs" came from the eminent journalist and business man, David Lawrence, who pronounced it "an outrage" to publish such slanders on such slight basis. Mr. Lawrence was not so squeam-

ish a year ago when he sent out a syndicated article under his signature denouncing the correspondence between Senator Borah and President Calles regarding the Mexican oil laws, and declaring it unprecedented in the history of the Government. After sending it out, he took the trouble to ask Senator Borah about it and found out that it was not only preceded but had been quite common for more than a century. Perhaps Mr. Lawrence has grown more fastidious with increasing prosperity.

* * * * *

THE scarcity of able, independent, and courageous men in the Senate is graphically emphasized when Senators Walsh (of Montana) and Norris come down ill at the same time. At once the fight against the power trust languishes, and the bloated power trust lobby begins to have things its own way. Reed (of Missouri) and La Follette are busy with the Vare-Smith inquiry, and Borah has the Latin-American mess on his hands. The sad truth is that there aren't enough good men for the big jobs—not even one for each job.

Sire of the Eagle

By LYNN HAINES

THE world once more is agog over Charles A. Lindbergh: his 35,000-mile flight over the United States, his journey to Mexico through fog and rain make him more than ever his country's hero, the "Ambassador of Good-Will." And though the world saw his father very differently, "like father, like son" was never more perfectly illustrated than in Charles A. Lindbergh, senior and junior. No two could be more thoroughly alike. One chose statesmanship, the other aviation; that was the only difference between them.

It proved a tremendous difference, however. The very qualities of character which bring the world to one's feet in aircraft will place one beneath the feet of the world in statecraft. Lindbergh the younger demonstrates a surpassing courage, whereupon multitudes surge about him to do him honor. Lindbergh the elder was equally courageous and independent, but the masses he had to face were American mobs.

The father was tall and straight, a fine figure of a man. His face was outstandingly strong, alert, frank, and kindly. He was always calm and impersonal. He used no liquor nor tobacco. I never heard even the smallest "cuss word" pass his lips. He cared nothing for social life. If he had been asked to dance he would have made the same answer as does his lionized son: "I never learned how." To work was his greatest joy. If a task were important he liked to do all parts of it. For example, he had stenographers—and did most of his own typewriting. Probably nine-tenths of the many communications I have had from him were his own handiwork.

As everybody knows, Congressmen write their own autobiographies for the Congressional Directory. That contributed by the father of the world's most famous airman was the briefest, I think, ever published. Here it is:

"Charles A. Lindbergh, Republican, of Little Falls."

The world marvels at the modesty of the son. It is not at all inexplicable to me who knew the father's remarkable

selflessness. Just once in the long period of our acquaintance did Congressman Lindbergh voluntarily refer to a personal matter. He was an attorney—a good one, of the Lincoln type; his honesty was unquestionable. Years before he had handled a Minnesota case for an Eastern millionaire. When this client died it was found that Lindbergh was named administrator of the big estate; and the will provided that no bond should be required for the execution of the trust. That unusual confidence in his integrity pleased him. He told me about it. It was the nearest to boasting that he ever got.

His industry was prodigious. Undoubtedly he was the hardest-working man ever in Congress. It was his daily habit to reach his room in the House Office Building before five o'clock in the morning. Once I asked him how and why he did it.

"I must have three or four hours each day by myself for study and writing. After nine there are always interruptions." That was his answer.

His outstanding characteristic was his courage. I remember one morning when he called me up and said: "Come over to the hospital at ten and visit with me while the doctors fix me up."

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Oh, a little operation," he replied.

It was not a little operation, and he went through it without an anaesthetic. The ordeal lasted more than an hour and he never gritted his teeth or even gripped my hand, except for a few seconds, when the surgeon's knife pierced the abdominal cavity.

All through that episode we talked about international banking. I had discussed big public problems with him many times, in his office and at my home, but I do not remember an occasion when his mind was given more unre-servedly to a serious subject. There was no hint of a distraction. He seemed utterly unmindful of any suffering. He continued with his exposition of a particular point after

being taken to his room. Not once did he mention the surgery, except indirectly, when he apologized for having subjected me to an unpleasant experience.

For ten years he was a Congressman from Minnesota, representing the Little Falls district. If, at any time during that decade, this district had attempted secession there would have been no civil war over it. The powers that be, both Republican and Democrat, would eagerly have sacrificed even a larger territorial part of the Union to get rid of Lindbergh. A question naturally arises: Why did they not go out and defeat him? They tried, repeatedly. I once asked an Old Guarder why they did not succeed. His explanation was interesting, and possibly had some significance. "We spent so much money," he said, "trying to lick Lindbergh that the district became too prosperous to care about a change."

He first got in, I suspect, because he was a likable and honest lawyer. His integrity was known to every man and woman in that section of the State. When Lindbergh was admitted to the bar, having graduated in the law class of the University of Michigan at twenty-three (1883), he subscribed most thoroughly and conscientiously to the oath of an attorney. He regarded his profession as an official part of the judicial machinery. As a lawyer he acted accordingly. A guilty client did not interest him. It became a tradition in central-eastern Minnesota that he was concerned only in helping to find the exact justice of every controversy.

In Congress he was a radical of the advanced, uncompromising type. He tackled the biggest and politically most dangerous national issues. Therefore he was hated and misrepresented more bitterly perhaps than any public man of his generation. "Socialist" was among the mildest of the epithets hurled at him. His enemies accused him of being unsocial. They implied that he shunned functions because of a "crudeness" that was embarrassing to him. Nothing could be further from the truth. He was thoroughly a gentleman, both by birth and breeding. He cared nothing for the social life of the capital, preferring to be studiously by himself, but when it seemed a duty, because of his position, to attend some social event he did so. Social life, aside from its unattractiveness, did not at all fit into his Congressional habits. He could not consistently be about his work at five in the morning if the midnight hours were given to sociability.

It would not have mattered to the orthodox politicians how much he made a slave of himself, but the results were troublesome. He was better prepared on serious subjects than any "bolshivist" ever encountered, either before or after bolshevism became a well-recognized bugaboo.

The "money trust" was Lindbergh's chief obsession. Not many Congressmen are friends of the "money trust," but few of them at that time ardently desired to stir it up. "Let sleeping dogs lie," was quite generally the Congressional policy. Lindbergh, however, persisted in keeping the dangerous animal thoroughly awake. Moreover, he wanted to kennel it, and put the key in the people's pocket. He demanded an investigation of the "money trust," and got it, although others took the credit.

Lindbergh introduced his resolution for a Congressional inquiry in July, 1911. At first it was not taken seriously. But those five o'clock study periods quickly began to show their results. He made out so strong a case that it could not be ignored.

The Democrats were then in control of the House. Lindbergh was nominally a Republican, although that party regarded him as an undesirable alien. It was not good politics for those in power to permit any kind of a Republican to sponsor so big a thing as the "money trust" investigation. Other resolutions were presented by Democrats. Henry of Connecticut was the author of one; Pujo of Louisiana of another, the latter's being adopted on February 24, 1912.

From a beginning in which he stood practically alone, Lindbergh saw this inquiry approved by the House with only eight dissenting votes. Among these dissenters were four famous Republican names—Cannon, Dalzell, Gillett, and Tilson. So the Pujo Committee came into being. It was Lindbergh's work. It ought to have been the Lindbergh Committee. Senator Norris, then a Congressman, demanded that Lindbergh be given the credit, but that was not to be. It is doubtful if Lindbergh cared who got the credit so long as an investigation was made.

This "money-trust" fight was continuous until Lindbergh voluntarily left Congress, March 4, 1917. The investigation was no sooner under way than he turned his attention to the Glass-Owen bill, which created the Federal Reserve System. He opposed that measure with a vigor and determination rarely exceeded in public life. However one may regard the now existing system, then created, Lindbergh's first speech in that debate was a marvelous exposition of the history and economics of financial legislation. His research had been amazing. He presented documents of which most Congressmen had never heard. Of course the Glass-Owens bill passed, and is now the law of the land. He did not quit. He kept on studying currency and credit. His vigilance in watching the Federal Reserve System was unceasing. Four years later, shortly before the end of his Congressional career, he arose and said:

Mr. Speaker and the House of Representatives, I, Charles A. Lindbergh, the undersigned, upon my responsibility as a member of the House of Representatives, do hereby impeach W. P. G. Harding, governor; Paul M. Warburg, vice-governor; and Frederick A. Delano, Adolph C. Miller, and Charles S. Hamlin, members, each individually as a member of the Federal Reserve Board, and also all of them collectively as the five active working members of said board, of high crimes and misdemeanors.

There followed fifteen counts of an indictment, each of which, he said, "I stand ready to prove."

He asked the House not to dispose of the solemn proceedings "by a motion to lay on the table. It would not be doing justice to the country if done in that way." He said:

Either I am right in presenting these articles of impeachment or I am wrong. If I do injustice to the House, if I do injustice to the country in preferring articles of impeachment which ought not to be preferred, then it is the duty of the House to discredit me for doing that thing. I do not, however, expect to be discredited, though undoubtedly powerful influences will be used to prevent favorable action on the articles of impeachment.

The matter was referred to the Judiciary Committee and, of course, no action was taken.

A confidential talk I had with him about this impeachment of the Federal Reserve Board can now be told. As a publicist, I was interested in knowing what was back of it.

"Will the House act on your charges?" I asked.

"No," he answered; "I don't expect any result like that."

"Why, then, did you make the indictment?"

There followed an hour of prophecy—which seemed almost inspired in view of what happened. He pointed out what this federal agency could and would do after the war, especially with respect to agriculture. He predicted the manipulated deflation of 1920, which squeezed from twenty to thirty billions out of the farming industry, leaving it hopelessly crushed and broken.

Lindbergh took part in the revolt against Cannonism. That was just a flurry for most of the insurgents. Characteristically he kept on fighting after the others had quieted down. The House rules were not reformed as a result of that Cannon controversy. So as late as the Sixty-fourth Congress he made a lone effort "to break the power of the bosses." He staged a one-man filibuster, objecting to all "unanimous consent business," seeking thus to force the masters of the House to act on four remedial amendments he had presented. He did not succeed, because it was physically impossible for a single individual to stay on the job every minute for the weeks that were needed to win.

Charles A. Lindbergh did not stand for reelection to the House in 1916. The World War was raging. We had

not entered "the hell-storm," as he called it; but he foresaw our participation and the reaction it would bring. That meant bigger, more vital struggles for him. He could return to Congress but the issues would have to be fought out in larger election contests in order that more people might be reached. The governorship of Minnesota or a seat in the Senate was what he must seek—unselfishly, I think. He was anti-war, from start to finish. "Probably I'll go down," he said to me, shortly before the war vote was taken and he was defeated by a narrow margin. He returned to Minnesota, and spoke his convictions wherever he went. He was mobbed more than once, by the war-frenzied. But he was not in the least afraid.

The supremest test of courage comes when one confronts the unknown. Charles A. Lindbergh, Sr., was above all superstition. He faced death, as he did life, with absolute fearlessness. Pioneers are much the same the world over. Lindbergh the elder was as truly a trail-blazer as is his son. The boy, fortunately, tackled something that could be demonstrated at once. The father had ideas which were a generation ahead of the popular capacity for comprehension.

Rumania Free from the Lion's Paw

By G. E. R. GEDYE

Bucharest, December 2

"**A** BRATIANU," they say in the cafes of Bucharest, "has always a king to do his will" and so, since the father of Jon Bratianu fetched Carol I from Sigmaringen, it has always been. No wonder that foreign observers, seeing the country deprived of both Bratianu and king, foresee disaster for the state. True, there is an industrious financial pedant bearing the name of Bratianu, as there is a child bearing the title of king, but the one is as well fitted as the other to fill the vacant places. For good or ill, a chapter in Rumanian history closes with the death of Jon Bratianu. The efforts of the Liberals, with Vintila Bratianu at their head and M. Duca, the Minister of the Interior, furnishing such driving force as they possess, are directed toward picking up the threads of the story in the new chapter; those of Julius Maniu, the leader of the National Peasant Party, toward making the last chapter the end of a volume.

Jon Bratianu was a great man and a gifted personality. He was no mere figurehead like Pilsudski, no "pocket Mussolini" like General Averescu or like General Pangalos in Greece, but a full-blooded, authentic dictator in his own right. I well remember the superb gesture with which I saw him sweep aside the entirely righteous protests in Parliament of Julius Maniu against his (Bratianu's) arbitrary regulation of the succession. It was at the first sitting of the Chamber after the death of King Ferdinand. Maniu set forth at length the long series of violations of the constitution through which Bratianu had secured the power to exclude Carol, to make little Michael king, and to appoint a Council of Regency obedient to himself. The Opposition leader concluded with a ringing declaration that his party—which everyone knew even then to possess the confidence of the vast majority of Rumanians—refused to recognize the new settlement. Bratianu, who had listened

with growing impatience, disdained a reply worthy of the name. In half a dozen crisp sentences he conveyed to the Deputies that what he did was right, that black was white if he said so, and that he desired to hear no more of these futile and querulous protests. Gathering up his papers he turned on his heel and left the Chamber. The President immediately suspended the sitting. Thus ruled Bratianu.

Yet there is much for which the country had to thank him. Throughout the earlier years of the war he bargained cautiously, first with the Allies and then with the Central Powers. Had either side realized how far he had gone with the other, his territory would have been invaded. The Central Powers in particular cast longing eyes on the grain and oil of Rumania, but refrained from taking it by force because Jon Bratianu succeeded in making them believe that he was on the point of selling it to them at his own price. He concluded his bargain with the Allies at last and, at a moment when his country was almost entirely surrounded by their enemies, declared for the Allied cause. His realization that despite all outward appearances the Allied side was going to prove the winner was an instance of the man's sagacity not to be discounted because his country was immediately overrun by the enemy. Caring little what the Allies might desire, he preserved his capital intact by refusing to defend it, and so arranged matters that the greater part of the devastation wrought in the country—the destruction of the oil wells—was done by the Allies who, unless his entire calculations were wrong, would have to pay up promptly. What else stands to his credit? Certainly the nationalization of the land, on which Greater Rumania is founded. The expropriation of the owners of unwieldy latifundia was vitally necessary to preserve the country from sheer anarchy. This fact has to be weighed against all protests of the Hungarian landlords, who still demand that they alone should be

exempt from the measure while native-born Rumanian landlords suffer under it. Should the careless drafting of the Treaty of the Trianon really secure them this immunity—and there is much reason to believe that a strict interpretation of the treaty's clauses will do so—the treaty-makers will be responsible for creating another intolerable situation in Europe. The nationalization of the subsoil—which means, of course, of the oil supplies—was another wise measure of Jon Bratianu, and everyone will approve of his action in abolishing the laws limiting the franchise to a few rich landowners and in conferring universal suffrage.

The Liberals propose to erect a statue to him bearing no name, but having these words inscribed on the pedestal: "Greater Rumania, expropriation and redistribution of land, universal suffrage." The hypocrisy of the inscription is exposed by the simultaneous proposal of his brother, Vintila, to the Peasant Party of M. Maniu to hold elections from which the peasants are to emerge with 45 per cent of the seats! The proposed inscription on the statue of Jon Bratianu would be justified if the reverse side bore the words: "Alienation of the liberated Rumanians, employment of expropriated land and mineral wealth for purposes of political corruption, nullification of the franchise by a perfected system of violence and fraud."

There is much to be said in defense of Jon Bratianu's conduct of affairs in the past; there is nothing to be said for the desire of the Liberal Party to perpetuate this bribery and corruption which is slowly but surely destroying Rumania. Julius Maniu has admitted to me that at the end of the war the whole country was behind Bratianu, particularly his own people, the Rumanians of Transylvania, who thanks in part to the clever bargaining of the Rumanian Premier had been released from the merciless oppression of Hungary. Bratianu was a man of the Orient—one cannot, if one wishes to understand Rumania, hear too often that only fifty years ago all that before the war was Rumania was sunk in the degradation of Turkish misrule. This Oriental province Bratianu ruled with the absolutism, corruption, and bribery to which the East is accustomed. His great mistake was that, while posing as the Prime Minister of a Western Power and refusing indignantly to admit even that Rumania was a Balkan state because of the admixture of Latin blood in the veins of her people, he encouraged a system which he should, even in Little Rumania, have tried slowly to abolish, but which in Greater Rumania should not have been tolerated for a day.

But the Liberals were less a party than a consortium of bankers who under the cloak of politics had laid all the Regat (Little Rumania) under tribute to themselves and who proposed to secure still greater spoils in the vast new territories which had been acquired. No effort was made to consolidate the country, to create merely Rumanians out of the orientalized inhabitants of the Regat, the Austrianized people of the Bukowina, the Magyarized Rumanians of Transylvania, and the Bessarabians, who are still unpersuaded that they are not Russians. Thus Julius Maniu, who had devoted the first half of his life to resisting the tyranny of the Magyars and in struggling toward unity with the Rumanians of the Regat speedily found himself compelled to devote the second half to combating the corruption and dishonesty of the Regat with which his country had been united.

There is, of course, no looking back to the past. M. Maniu emphasized to me that the misgovernment of the

minorities in Rumania by M. Bratianu could not in any way be compared with the tyranny of the Hungarians when they ruled in Transylvania, and declared that not one Rumanian could be found who considered the Hungarian propaganda for a revision of the Treaty of the Trianon as anything but mischievous.

The liberal press of Bucharest rings with appeals to M. Maniu to be patriotic and to recognize that the country needs a united government. I do not think that the brilliant and clear-sighted Transylvania lawyer is likely to compromise with unrighteousness. Vintila Bratianu's financial policy of the past six years has been a complete failure. The *leu* is still unstabilized, the cost of living is still rising. Jon Bratianu's diplomacy won him distrust abroad, and foreign capital fights shy of the lesser brother. The Liberals are as discredited as any party could be, and they have lost their powerful head. Behind them stands nothing but the power of the banks. Worst of all, they have no leader. There is no other party in the country. General Averescu will hastily attach himself to the winning side when the issue is decided—if they will have him. There is no Carolist party, though Maniu preserves an open mind on the question of the return of the Prince, and after he has attended to more urgent matters is likely to sanction it if the Prince will accept the strict conditions which he intends to impose.

The country itself is enormously rich and capable of development, requiring only an honest and efficient regime. The apathy of the people is a drawback, but this is often exaggerated. The peasantry in many parts of the country is hard-working, and this does much to counteract the indolence of the city population and of other sections of the peasantry. Despite the display of uniforms on every hand, the Rumanians are not a military people, and a period of external peace is certainly essential. Given that, the tragic death of the greatest Rumanian, Jon Bratianu, may yet prove the salvation of the country which he had created but was conducting slowly to ruin.*

A Challenge to Mr. Rockefeller

By MORRIS L. ERNST

THE NATION has been running a series of articles called Americans We Like in distinction to the equally accessible list of Americans We Detest. If it ever gets around to the more complex group of Americans Who Disappoint—being a cross between the other two—I wish to nominate John D. Rockefeller, Jr. During the past month when opportunity arose he twice failed to earn the Distinguished Service Medal—an award for service outside of the realm of duty. His wealth and his control of industries segregate him from the ordinary run of men. In consequence his duties to society commence at those zones which describe the bounds of other men's obligations.

As a human he must be likable and kindly. I speak from no personal knowledge. Acquaintance with some of his more liberal advisers, the simplicity of his bequests, and his sincere recognition of a social responsibility form the basis of this guess. He gives money with finesse. He cannot give in the sense of making a personal sacrifice, but

* An article by Aureliu Jon Popescu, describing the programs and relationships of the various political parties in Rumania, appears in the International Relations Section of this issue.

measured against others who own the earth—George Baker, Morgan, Ford—his benefactions make them appear misers.

And yet what a disappointing score he has made during this past month. As to failure number one, I submit the following: He is reputed to be the leading factor in the American oil business. His resources, financial and spiritual, could be a dominant factor in the business out of which he and his father made that money which, via foundations, is being contributed by American gasoline users to medical patients in Palestine or typhus sufferers in Poland. Sinclair and Doheny have been stamped by the Supreme Court of the United States as corrupt. They tried to cheat the government. I assume that Mr. Rockefeller, Junior, read the scorching words of the highest court. I assume that he knows that the Petroleum Institute is the trade association of the oil industry created for the benefit of the industry but not necessarily organized to work against the best interests of this nation. Doheny and Sinclair came up for reelection as directors and were in fact elected. John D., Jr. remained mute. He was not at the meeting—the representatives of his companies answered the roll instead. In his defense it is said that he doubtless urged the defeat of Sinclair and Doheny at the directors' meetings of the companies in which he owns large interests. That may be enough for an ordinary man; it is not for a man with his vast stockholdings—and vast responsibilities. And even if he cannot speak officially, why not as the churchman and the giver? Must his income outstrip his courage?

The second regret of lost opportunity arises over Colorado. In that State habeas corpus is dead. Civil liberty in wide areas has been destroyed. The merits of the workers' demands are small issues as compared to the lawlessness of mine owners and public officials. I do not share in the common belief that the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company union plan is the sole cause of this unhealthy mess. The experiment known as the Rockefeller plan indicated at least a desire to try to work out the industrial problems of the Rockefeller mines. That I judge it a weak and hasty makeshift is aside from the point. The only important fact is that the present warfare started at or near the Rockefeller mine and spread to the areas where murder and the military still ride. And Mr. Rockefeller makes no statement.

Friends of Mr. Rockefeller explain that the Rockefeller mines are separate from the present areas of un-American distress. This is not a satisfactory alibi. Mr. Rockefeller is the leader in the Colorado mining area. No longer can any member of an industry claim an isolation from trade responsibility. Much less can Rockefeller, the richest, desert his crowd—he must mix and share with them and he can gain distinction by leadership in front rather than silence on the side. The workers march with song and spirit, starting at the Rockefeller gate. Their feet may take them far away but even from a distance they will picket him. He cannot avoid them by silence.

No American has as many opportunities for Distinguished Service Orders as Mr. Rockefeller. No one has disappointed more often. Baker, Morgan, Ford have held out no wordy hopes for ethical and moral leadership. Their rule is only in the counting house. Mr. Rockefeller, with one eye on the altar, raises hopes of moral courage and spiritual leadership. One sentence of moral indignation from him directed against Sinclair and Doheny or against the impairment of old-fashioned American civil liberty in Colorado would be equal to a lengthy speech by silent Cal.

The White Terror in China

By SCOTT NEARING

[Since Mr. Nearing wrote, cables from China report "several thousand Reds" executed in Canton, and more killed in Hankow and Shanghai.]

Moscow, en route for China, November 25

CHINA is not a pacifist country. Its recent history contains many instances in which thousands of people have paid with their lives for opposition to an established order. The closing months of 1926 and the early months of 1927, however, wrote a new record of Chinese executions.

Drastic as were the suppressions under Yuan Shih-kai, only military tribunals or duly constituted courts could sentence persons to death. During the present year every local military commander seems to have included the right of death sentence among his other prerogatives. Chang Tso-lin has never hesitated to execute those who opposed him. But he usually gave the semblance of a trial. His opponents were arrested, spent some time in jail, inquiries were made into their cases, some opportunity was given for defense, and there was at least a decent interval between their arrest and execution.

Several scores of revolutionists have been arrested and executed by Chang Tso-lin during the last two years. It is difficult to say exactly how many. Arrests have been frequent and among those arrested a considerable portion have paid the death penalty for the slightest of charges, such as "carrying on propaganda subversive of army discipline"; "suspicion of Communist activities"; "propaganda for the Kuomintang."

South China and the valley of the Yangtze furnish the real seat of the White Terror during 1926 and 1927. It was there that the danger to established Chinese institutions and the need for suppression were most obvious.

After the Kuomintang convention of 1924 there was a sharp division in the party between those who were in favor of cooperating with Russia and of admitting Communists into the Kuomintang and those who were opposed to such a policy. Sun Yat-sen was in the former group. The "Western Hills" leaders were in the latter. Chiang Kai-shek was one of their adherents. When the Nationalist armies moved north in the spring and summer of 1926 they carried with them a wave of mass sentiment that expressed itself in strikes and peasant uprisings that seemed to threaten the established order in China.

The strikes of 1926 were directed in the main against Chinese industries. The peasant uprisings of 1926-1927 were, of course, directed entirely against the Chinese gentry. Thus the revolutionary movement which swept north through China after the summer of 1926 constituted a direct threat to the economic and social position of the Chinese industrialists and the Chinese landlords.

Already in January and February the terror had begun. The Chinese Relief Organization has compiled figures showing that between January and March, 1927, 1,174 persons were executed without trial. The courts, not including courts martial, condemned 2,286 persons to death during these three months.

Shanghai fell into the hands of one of Chiang Kai-shek's generals on March 21, 1927. The Nanking incident occurred three days later. The split in the Kuomintang organization which had begun in January, 1924, culminated

in the bloody White Terror of April, May, and June, 1927.

It was not the generals who took Shanghai. The armed workers of the city drove out Sun Chuan-fang as the Nationalist army approached. Chiang Kai-shek's first action in Shanghai, however, was forcibly to disarm the workers and to destroy their organization. In the course of these operations a considerable number of workers lost their lives. During the next week the reign of terror began. In the Yangtze Valley and throughout Southern China Communists and members of the left Kuomintang group were arrested and executed by thousands. Some were tried. Many were shot within twenty-four hours of their arrest. The Chinese Relief Organization has compiled these figures covering South China, including the Yangtze Valley:

April, 1927

Condemned to death by court.....	215 persons
Executed without trial.....	346 "
Injured	999 "

May, 1927

Condemned to death by court.....	158 "
Executed without trial.....	822 "
Injured	134 "

June, 1927

Condemned to death by court.....	246 "
Executed without trial.....	1,974 "
Injured	758 "

Among those executed 2.2 per cent were women; 5.8 per cent were merchants; 12.7 per cent were intellectuals; 14 per cent were soldiers; 23.3 per cent were workers, and 39 per cent were peasants. Since June, figures are lacking. The papers do not publish details and official figures are not available, but the reign of terror is still going on. Most of the known Communists have already been hunted down.

How many Communists and members of the left-wing Kuomintang lost their lives between February and October, 1927? It is difficult to say. Conservative estimates place the number well above 5,000. Many of the Chinese revolutionary leaders claim that it has exceeded 20,000. Whatever the number, the Chinese reign of terror has accomplished three purposes:

1. It has destroyed the immediate revolutionary effectiveness of the left-wing movement by depriving it of some of its most competent leadership;
2. It has driven the Communist and left-wing movement from the field of open political activity to the field of underground revolutionary organization;
3. It has convinced the leaders of the Chinese revolution that they have nothing to hope from legal action.

The foreigners of the imperialist Powers played a direct role in the White Terror; in a number of instances they turned over to Chiang Kai-shek members of left-wing organizations who were found in the foreign Concessions. The Chinese bourgeoisie also played a direct role in the White Terror; it was only after he had captured Shanghai and made his alliance with them that Chiang Kai-shek launched his campaign of murder. The Chinese gentry directed the White Terror against the peasantry; they believed that their property holdings were at stake and they stopped at nothing to defend their privileges.

The Chinese White Terror adds another to the long line of instances occurring during the last ten years, in which the members of the privileged class have jailed and murdered indiscriminately whenever they have felt that their position was really threatened.

In the Driftway

IT is disappointing to salt-water cranks like the Drifter to reflect that much dust is likely to lie over the Fishermen's Cup before it is pulled down from the shelf and rubbed up for another competition. The loss of the schooner *Columbia* last summer eliminates the most important contender for the trophy in the United States and adds to the improbability that the disagreement which broke up the last contest, that in 1923, will be straightened out in the near future. Gasoline is becoming more important than sail to the Down East fishing fleet.

* * * * *

THE loss of the *Columbia* went almost unnoticed by the public because it is a tale that never has been and never can be told. There was no story for the newspapers and so no obituary in them. The *Columbia* simply went out and—did not come back. She was last sighted off Sable Island on August 23. The next day a terrific gale snorted and bellowed along the coast, driving scores of vessels to harbor and tumbling others as wreckage on the granite-plated shores that are so beautiful to summer tourists and so grim to distressed seamen. But there was no fear for the *Columbia*. She did not run ashore and, until some weeks had passed, was believed to be busy catching and stowing away a cargo of fish. Gradually the idea grew that the schooner might have gone down—then that she probably had. Finally, when stories came to Gloucester in early October of the finding by life savers near Sable Island of dory planks bearing the *Columbia's* name, the schooner was chalked up to the unpaid and unpayable account of the sea.

* * * * *

AN article in the *Boston Globe* suggests that a jinx hangs over Gloucester's champions in the fishermen's races. It almost seems so. Two of the four have been lost, while a third went aground the day she was launched. The *Esperanto*, which beat the Nova Scotia schooner *Delawana* in the first contest for the Fishermen's Cup, in 1920, struck a submerged wreck near Sable Island the following year and was a total loss, although the crew escaped in dories. Now the *Columbia* has gone down, probably in the same locality. The *Henry Ford* ran ashore near the mouth of the Essex River the day she was baptized, but got off only to be outsailed by the *Bluenose* in the races for the international trophy in 1922. In addition, three candidates for the job of upholding Gloucester's reputation in the cup races—although not actual contestants in them—have met disaster. The *Mayflower*, specially built as a cup defender in 1921, was ruled out on the ground that she was a racing craft rather than a bona fide fisherman, necessitating the sending of the diminutive *Elsie* to certain defeat by the big schooner *Bluenose*. The next winter the *Puritan* was laid down as a cup contender from designs by Burgess. She never got the chance; she, too, was wrecked the following June on Sable Island, "the graveyard of the Atlantic." Incidentally the *Columbia*, also a Burgess-designed craft, came near losing her chance in the races too. She hardly had left the ways in 1923 when she had a serious collision with a French trawler. Fortunately she was repaired in time for the races to choose Gloucester's contender for the cup. She won these but had a stiff competitor in the *Elizabeth*

Howard, known around Cape Ann as the White Ghost. A few months later the White Ghost, gone astray in a white fog, grounded near Halifax and went to pieces, all her men but one escaping.

* * * * *

THE Fishermen's Cup races of 1923 ended in a tiff which has prevented any competition since. The Bluenose won the first encounter. The second was a failure for lack of wind. In the third the Bluenose crossed the finishing line first but was disqualified for passing a buoy on the wrong side. Another race was ordered, but Captain Walters of the Bluenose sulked in his tent, or wherever a disgruntled skipper retires to sulk. Captain Pine was then invited to sail the Columbia over the course for the cup but, declining any such empty victory, headed back to Gloucester. This and previous disagreements in the competition for the Halifax *Herald's* cup suggest that, if the contest is to be revived, its character should be changed. Fishermen who spend their lives in a vital fight with the sea have no stomach for the fine rules and the specialized seamanship of a harbor regatta. They need a bit of open water and more than a puff and a half of wind to stir their blood so that they will forget to wrangle. An open ocean race, too, would banish the temptation to build any more peapods like the Mayflower.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Save-the-Men Movement

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A movement has begun in this city to prevent men from contaminating girls with the cigarette habit. Two instances of this have been observed.

When I was working last spring for George H. Doran Company, publishers, 244 Madison Avenue, since merged with Doubleday, Page and Company, I noticed that all the men in the office smoked pipes. My boss, Alan Rinehart, occasionally took a whiff at a cigarette after looking about furtively. Upon inquiry I discovered that Mr. Doran forbade the men to smoke cigarettes as the girls were smoking too. Now the girls smoke in the washroom.

Feeling economical I went to the Y. W. C. A. cafeteria on Abingdon Square for lunch one day recently. There were many more men than women in the room. Several men were smoking cigarettes so I lit a cigarette. Presently the elderly woman cashier came up to me. "Girls are not permitted to smoke here," she said. "But the men are smoking," I remonstrated. "Yes, but they can only smoke at lunch time. Girls don't come here for lunch." Then she added benevolently: "But as this is the first time I've seen you here I guess there's no harm done."

New York, December 19

MARGARET H. SPEER

Christmas in Old Age

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: At this Christmas season your readers will be interested to learn of, and perhaps help, one of the most important movements recently undertaken to provide an honorable and self-respecting means of caring for our worn-out toilers.

The problem of old-age dependency in the United States is growing more serious every day. Many employers today refuse to give employment to men and women after the forties. But even at this time of stagnant public sentiment a vigorous and powerful movement in behalf of old-age pension legislation is developing. Six States and the Territory of Alaska have

already enacted such laws on their statute-books. Local committees urging this legislation have been organized in many States and a drive for such legislation launched.

Sponsoring and stimulating this movement is the American Association for Old Age Security with offices at 104 Fifth Avenue, New York City. This association was organized about a year ago and is headed by Bishop Francis J. McConnell of the Methodist Episcopal Church and A. Epstein, author of "Facing Old Age." It is made up of representatives of labor, the churches, and various other civic bodies. It aims to promote adequate security for the old people of our community by means of State and federal legislation. In order to carry on this movement most effectively, the association is badly in need of financial help to meet its modest budget for 1928.

I am certain many of your readers are sufficiently interested in this humane cause to place the American Association for Old Age Security on their Christmas gift-list.

ELISABETH GILMAN, Vice-President

Baltimore, December 15

Boulder Dam and Arizona Culture

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Swing-Johnson Bill proposes the construction by the federal government of a large dam in the Colorado River at Boulder Canyon. The dam is not to be wholly on Arizona soil, as Mrs. Austin states in *The Nation* for November 9; on the contrary, it is to be erected on public lands of the United States; half of it within the political boundaries of Arizona and half in Nevada. The power-house will be in Nevada. The reservoir created by this dam will completely solve the major problems of the lower river—it will control the floods, store water, remove silt, and, incidentally, develop power to pay for the project. The essence of the solution of the problem of the lower Colorado is large storage because the river is characterized by great fluctuations of flow. Nowhere else on the lower river can this large storage be obtained so cheaply.

The delegates from the State of Arizona who appeared before the Senate and Congressional committees in opposition to the Boulder Canyon Project urged that the dam be built farther up the river, at Bridge Canyon. This dam would create a reservoir of about one-tenth the capacity of the Boulder Canyon reservoir and would therefore be useless for flood control or storage purposes. It would cost twenty million dollars more than the Boulder Canyon Dam. It was argued by the Arizona delegates that if the Bridge Canyon Dam were built high enough, a diversion could be made to a so-called "high-line canal" to irrigate a large area in Arizona. This "high-line canal" plan would require a tunnel 75 miles long without shafts or adits, and the total length of the canal would be some 520 miles. The cost has been roughly estimated at \$300,000,000.

At the Denver conference the "high-line canal" project which, according to Mrs. Austin's article, is to develop a culture in Arizona wholly different from that in California, received very little attention from the delegates from Arizona. At Denver Governor Hunt proposed that Arizona be paid an annual tribute of one mill per kilowatt-hour on all electrical energy developed at Boulder Dam in exchange for Arizona's ratification of the compact. This "hush money," as it has been called by Mayor Bacon of San Diego, would amount to 35 per cent of the total gross revenue which it is estimated that the dam would produce. Although the proposal was not accepted, it received favorable consideration from the delegates of some of the upper States who are influenced by the power interests. Any plan that would embarrass the government project at Boulder Canyon would please the power-companies.

Governor Hunt returned to Arizona with trumpets blaring. He announced triumphantly that the upper States had conceded Arizona's right to tax the power at Boulder Dam (the "high-line canal" was conveniently forgotten), and that the

tax would result in a saving to Arizona's taxpayers of \$10,000 a day—about one-third of Arizona's total tax levy. There is nothing culturally peculiar to Arizona in a Democratic politician using the tax-reduction formula to win advancement; Republican politicians have resorted to the same trick.

But what of the compact which Arizona is ready to ratify for cash? The compact is merely an attempt to substitute an agreement between the States for the stupid litigation which has been a part of every major river development in the West. The Santa Fe conference at which the compact was formulated is not to be compared with the present informal meetings. The Santa Fe conference was called in pursuance of a special act of Congress permitting a compact to be entered into between the States (the Constitution forbids interstate treaties without such special permission), and at this conference all the States were represented. In fact, Arizona's commissioners signed the compact; but its legislature failed to ratify it.

The compact allocates water to two divisions of the Colorado River Basin, 7,500,000 acre-feet to the upper and 8,500,000 acre-feet to the lower. This agreement does not allocate water to the several States—it divides the average flow between the two basins, and the charge that by ratifying the compact Arizona would surrender water to California is baseless.

Mrs. Austin justifies the proposed tax on power for the benefit of Arizona on the ground that this interstate stream is one of Arizona's natural resources. On this theory, the States bordering the Mississippi might collect a tax on navigation. However, the Roosevelt Dam across the Salt River in Arizona, and the Laguna Dam across the Colorado River at Yuma, both of which are government structures, are not regarded as sources of revenue for Arizona's tax coffers. Moreover, it is a little difficult to understand how the Colorado River can in any sense be considered a natural resource of Arizona. The water comes from the mountains in the upper States. Of the water to be impounded in the Boulder Canyon reservoir less than 5 per cent will be contributed by Arizona!

There is a misconception in Mrs. Austin's article as to the function of the Boulder Dam: There is no diversion from the Boulder Canyon Reservoir to California. The proposed diversion for the domestic water supply for Los Angeles, which is no part of the Swing-Johnson Bill, has its intake 200 miles below the Boulder Dam. This diversion may be made under the appropriation laws whether the Boulder Dam is built or not. A similar diversion out of the watershed for a water supply for Denver is planned in the upper basin. The Swing-Johnson Bill proposes the construction of a canal wholly on American soil to supply water to Imperial Valley, but this canal has its intake at the Laguna Dam, 300 miles below the Boulder Dam site. However, no water in addition to Imperial Valley's present perfected water rights will be required for this canal. With respect to this feature of the bill, Mrs. Austin infers that because Californian capital is invested in Mexican lands, California regards the use of water for Mexican lands complacently. In fact, the bitterest animosity exists between the settlers in Imperial Valley and the Los Angeles capitalists who own the Mexican lands. The proposal to build a canal wholly on American soil (known locally as the All-American Canal) is the outgrowth of this antagonism.

There are four valleys contiguous to the river on the Arizona side below the Boulder Dam site—Mojave, Parker, Cibola, and Yuma. Only one of these valleys, Yuma, is at present intensively developed. The construction of the Boulder Dam will permit complete development of all four of these valleys; the plan suggested by the opponents of the Boulder Dam proposes the construction of a flood-control dam at Topcock which will completely submerge the Mojave Valley. The inundation of this fertile Arizona Valley of 30,000 acres is regarded with serenity by the Arizona politicians, probably because it is for the most part Indian Reservation. Indians don't vote!

Further development of areas contiguous to the river in California is limited to extensions to the Palo Verde and Im-

perial valleys. But such development in no case will require water in excess of the present perfected water rights. The Boulder Dam insures to these valleys a uniform water supply and safety from the menace of floods to the same extent as these benefits accrue to Arizona.

There are no new areas in California susceptible of irrigation from the Colorado River except the Chuckwalla Valley. A valley of about the same area exists in the Parker Project in Arizona. Development of either of these areas is not affected in a single particular by the compact.

Nor is it true that the Boulder Dam subordinates the needs of irrigation to those of power. The power companies have fought the Boulder Canyon project, because generation of electrical energy is incidental to river regulation. And the revenue from the sale of power will pay for the entire project—the Government will get its money back!

Mrs. Austin may be justified in her romantic conception of the future culture of Arizona; but the methods of the political group opposing the construction of the Boulder Dam are so much like those of other politicians who capitalize cheap local prejudices for their own aggrandizement that a Martian strange to our political ways would hardly find any difference between the cultural activities of the politicians of Arizona and those of the mayor who promises to keep the "snoot of the King of England out of Chicago."

Banning, Cal., November 25

PAUL M. ENTENMAN

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have carefully read the criticism of my Colorado River article without finding anything in it to which I feel bound to reply in particular. What I set out to do was not to cover all the ground of that controversy, and, as I explicitly stated in the article, many facts were omitted partly from want of space, and partly because many of these alleged facts are not strictly to be called facts but are assumptions which may be proved erroneous when the courts get down to rulings on many points of law which have not yet been brought to judgment. Another reason for omitting many facts, was that they cancel out with other facts which my critic does not mention. But to show how that works would necessitate my writing another article as long or longer than the first. Moreover, I had no intention of doing more in that first article than covering sketchily the ground traversed at the Denver Conference.

I explicitly stated that I would not take up the questions involved in the Swing-Johnson Bill, as these had not yet come before the Conference, of which I am still a member. Perhaps I shall be willing to say something of that after the matter has been fully canvassed before the representatives of the seven States.

I am glad to have the article arouse discussion. I make no claim to superior judgment in the matter, and would willingly stand corrected on any detail in which my own judgment failed, but I must protest against being brought to book in the business of the Swing-Johnson Bill and the Boulder Creek Dam site until I have fully expressed myself about it. I think you can do no better than to publish whatever seems to you pertinent to the whole people, regardless of whether it contradicts or controverts what I have said or not.

There is much in the spirit and the approach of the present critic which I felt I would rather not say, and yet am satisfied to have said.

Santa Fe, N. M., December 6

MARY AUSTIN

Gifford Pinchot
on
The Boulder Dam Controversy
in an early issue of *The Nation*

Books, Music, Plays

Black Magic

By ELIAS LIEBERMAN

A host of words rode, black with ink,
To fight the devil's fray;
And men who once said, "Let me think . . ."
Now drool, "I read . . . They say . . ."

A Warning

By EMMA L. HAWKRIDGE

Some day, from beings that are meekly dumb,
Revolt from our autocracy may come
And men in guilty fear of them will cower
When vegetables realize their power.
Reflect—if things with roots could walk about,
Gesticulate with leaves, and hoarsely shout,
"Hey, dandelions, rise in revolution
Against the bourgeoisie of evolution!"
And fly, flap-flopping in our faces, and
Entangle with their roots a wrist or hand,
And say, "The way these people multiply
One can't keep valleys green, or hilltops high!"
Determined dandelions! we'd be sorry then
We'd strutted and uprooted things as men.

Many Stories

The Best Short Stories of 1927. Edited by Edward J. O'Brien.
Dodd, Mead and Company. \$2.50.

Samples: A Collection of Stories. Boni and Liveright. \$2.50.

The Man Who Saw Through Heaven and Other Stories. By
Wilbur Daniel Steele. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

Yellow Gentians and Blue. By Zona Gale. D. Appleton and
Company. \$2.

The Best British Short Stories of 1927. Edited by Edward J.
O'Brien. Dodd, Mead and Company. \$2.50.

MR. O'BRIEN'S latest collection indicates that the American short story is struggling valiantly to free itself from the conventions on which it was nourished—"plot," melodrama, local color, and sentimentality. Two practitioners, at least, have definitely broken through—Mr. Hemingway and Mr. Anderson. The first-named has created a style so firm, honest, and clarified that it is simply impossible to express by means of it anything spurious, melodramatic, or artificially complicated. Mr. Anderson, on the other hand, achieves an equally genuine effect by an elementary lyrical method. He is an honest man under the influence of a mood—and in this condition he merely puts down what comes into his head. The result is often obscure; yet it is frequently beautiful and never magazinish. Mr. O'Brien reveals one or two other free spirits: Mr. La Farge, Mr. Roark Bradford, whose *Child of God* is a strangely moving fantasy, and Meridel Le Sueur. The latter's *Persephone* is possibly as sensitive a piece of short prose as the year has produced.

Here the roll of honor comes to an abrupt close. Almost all of the remaining fifteen tales bear the mark, more or less distinct, of the magazine machine. Five of them, even at this late date, employ the O. Henry snap ending. Two extremely clever stories, Mr. Wister's *The Right Honorable the Strawberries* and Mr. Burman's *Minstrels of the Mist*, proceed beautifully and then, at the very end, let one down with the exhibition of a last-minute mawkishness. Yet, on the whole, this anthology

is an encouraging phenomenon. In at least half a dozen stories the bonds, though still apparent, are visibly weakening. And there is one other thing. Mr. O'Brien with his customary modesty states in the preface: "My selection does not imply the critical belief that they are great stories. A year which produced one great story would be an exceptional one." It is my critical belief, then, that this has been one of these exceptional years. Mr. Hemingway's *The Killers*, the star of the collection, is patently a great story.

The anthology entitled "*Samples*" is lighter and less interesting than Mr. O'Brien's collection. The tales of Hemingway, Anderson, and Galsworthy are obviously superior and deeply felt. Miss Cather's *Coming Aphrodite*, intrinsically a beautiful idea, is too drawn out. Mr. Dreiser's rambling character sketch fails to satisfy, while the more clearly typical American stories, those by Fannie Hurst and Thyra Samter Winslow, are frankly vulgar.

Should one desire to observe a writer apparently breaking every law of the machine and actually, with a really marvelous ingenuity, availing himself of every one of them, there is Mr. Wilbur Daniel Steele. The basis of Mr. Steele's art is melodrama—but melodrama so subtly stylized and refined, so outwardly unconventional, as to be hardly recognizable. Mr. Steele has been everywhere and has picked up so many bits of color, so much realistic detail that he is capable of conveying almost any effect, be it tragedy, horror, or passion. Yet, when one thinks it over one realizes that this is exactly what he has done: given us the effect and nothing more. Some years ago there was another story writer very much in the public eye—John Russell. Mr. Steele, like the now eclipsed Mr. Russell, is past master of a complicated bag of tricks. Of the actuality, the terrifying closeness of a Katherine Mansfield he is quite incapable.

It is something of a relief to turn from the fervent complexities of his plots to the simple, jagged little life-stories which constitute Zona Gale's slim volume. There are, it is true, two painful throwbacks to the early sentimentality of "*Friendship Village*," in *The Woman* and *The Two Souls*. The other sketches are sharp reductions of tragic careers, purged of every tincture of adventitious local color. Sincere and occasionally moving as they are, one feels nevertheless that they are too compressed, too bare, too manifestly the skeletons of possible novels. Their quality is distinguished but it is not the quality of a short story.

It is upon turning to Mr. O'Brien's English collection that one feels most keenly the divergence from the American machine-made product. The editor intimates that he has purposely excluded from his anthology many stories, otherwise creditable, which appeared to have been written with one eye to American requirements—those, for example, of Somerset Maugham and Arnold Bennett. The result of this exclusion is, on the whole, a happy one. One story, but only one, *The Sheep* by Mary Somerville, betrays a hint of the saccharine. The others are, for the most part, written with a quiet, light-fingered, satiric touch which is the despair of American writers. None of the purely English tales is very ambitious; the subject matter is never very original. Six out of eighteen deal, in variant ways, with the problem of snobbery and offer an interesting reflection of the process of social restratification now visible in England. There is a certain courtesy and restraint and evenness in these narratives, a complete avoidance of melodrama; but, compensatingly, the tragic note is rarely struck and the delineation of sexual passion is tentative and oblique. In the Irish tales one hears an occasional overtone of mystery and tragedy; the Irish are not a formally polite people. Only two English writers, H. E. Bates and Elizabeth Bowen, catch anything of Katherine Mansfield's immediacy and horizon-opening quality. One misses, also, the magic hand of the greatest of all living artists in the short story—A. E. Coppard. His surrogate, David Gar-

nett, is master of his fantasy but is sadly lacking in the depth and wonder which distinguish every line Mr. Coppard has written.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

An Approach to "The Counterfeiters"

Si le Grain ne Meurt. By André Gide. Paris: Editions la Nouvelle Revue Française.

"THE COUNTERFEITERS" appears in English just as we learn that M. Gide has withdrawn the original edition of his memoirs, "*Si le Grain ne Meurt*," to be reissued later perhaps in a revised form. Whatever light these memoirs throw on the intelligence that created "The Counterfeiters," now is the moment for the illumination. The connection between the two is close, as the Journal of "The Counterfeiters" testifies. M. Gide was working on them concurrently, turning to the memoirs when the difficulties of the novel held him up, turning back to the novel when he was impressed by the fact that intimacy, penetration, psychological probing could in certain respects be pushed further in the novel than in "confessions." This he observes after noting that he had just completed one of the most important chapters in the memoirs, the account of the Algerian interlude in his early manhood, when he and Paul Laurens set forth to "normalize" themselves. It is precisely this part of the memoirs that M. Souday, in his recent study of Gide, calls repugnant, yet almost insignificant. Nobody was asking about M. Gide's private life; why display its least defensible caprices? But if everything he has chosen to say about his private life, as he traces the stages of his self-discovery, reveals the pattern of "The Counterfeiters" as a clear product of the temperament analyzed in the memoirs, how can that be insignificant?

Every artist sees life in his own peculiar way. Why? Those who like this question answered will understand M. Gide's delight as a child in experimenting with the mechanism of his kaleidoscope, rearranging the parts, and discovering that even when the resulting effects were not so beautiful and surprising as the original ones, it was fascinating to comprehend the "why of pleasure." It is fascinating to comprehend the "why" of M. Gide's highly individual viewpoint when we are trying to relate it to all the other viewpoints contributed by the novelists who subtly influence our interpretations of human experience. The reading of many novels calls for an effort of reconstruction similar to that M. Gide asks of us in "The Counterfeiters": "I wish," he says in the Journal, "to have its events related from different angles by the actors on whom the events have some influence; I wish these events, as they tell them, to appear slightly distorted; a certain interest results for the reader from the sole fact that he has to reestablish; the story requires his collaboration." Memoirs like M. Gide's decrease our bewilderment in the face of all the slightly distorted accounts of life that significant novels offer us.

"*Si le Grain ne Meurt*" is one of the most troubling autobiographies since Rousseau. "To disquiet," to quote the Journal again, "is my role. The public always prefers to be reassured. There are those whose business that is. There are only too many of them." This book is enlightening, but not reassuring. M. Souday would not have called essential parts of it insignificant if he had felt really comfortable about it. It offers the usual interest of any good autobiography: scenes, people, vividly and variously realized. It has also the interest belonging to the memoirs of a writer—that of tracing back to his personal experience episodes, characters, emotions later transmuted into fiction. There is no doubt that M. Gide possesses the gift of cashing in on his own experience. But the deepest interest is in the man himself. When he went to Algeria he left his Bible behind because it had become indispensable to him, and he always felt the secret need to defy his own nature. "I am a being of dialogue; everything in me combats and con-

tradicts itself." His belief in the moral code by which he had lived up to that time had been gradually yielding to a vision of life that was more iridescent. Perhaps God himself had a horror of that uniformity against which Nature protested, but toward which the Christian ideal tended, in aiming to subdue nature. He persuaded himself that each being—or at least each elected one—had a role to play resembling no other; and to submit himself to the common rule was the unforgivable sin by which he lost his precise, irreplaceable significance, his "salt," which could not be restored to him. (Of his Huguenot ancestors, Gide says that each one thought it was said to him personally: "You are the salt of the earth.") Forcing himself into the mold of the puritanism which he had been taught had secured only a profound disorganization of his whole being. Perhaps this discordant dualism could be resolved into harmony. To seek that, he embarked for Algeria in 1893, and there he found his "normal." But it seems as if he did not like to abandon the possibility that the Evil One might be laughing at him from the shadows; as if he were at once urged by the desire to justify his own tendencies, and to get the utmost possible thrill out of transgression. His answer to that would be that there is "no way of looking at the moral and religious question or of behaving in the face of it which at some moment of my life I have not known and made mine." He would like to reconcile all, even the most diverse points of view, excluding nothing and "ready to intrust to Christ the solution of the case between Dionysus and Apollo."

"Memoirs are never more than half sincere, however great the concern for truth. Everything is always more complex than one says it is. . . . Perhaps one approaches nearer the truth in the novel." To approach "The Counterfeiters" by way of the memoirs may be to approach the complex truth of André Gide.

DOROTHY BREWSTER

People of Inconsequence

Some People. By Harold Nicolson. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.50.

MR. NICHOLSON, the biographer of Verlaine, of Tennyson, and of Byron, has been trifling with autobiography. His nine sketches, a composite of imagination and half-truths (as he is careful to say in a prefatory note), are written in a gay, confidential tone with little hints of scholarship, geography, international politics, good form, and other agreeable elements of a career in the Foreign Office. We are left with the impression that no career could be more delightful than this. One grows up in the charge of a Miss Plimsoll (who does not come off very successfully in the first of these sketches); one is sent to a public school, the kind whose head becomes Bishop of Norwich and cites Virgil entrancingly; one goes on to Balliol where are to be found aesthetes like Lambert Orne and candidates for the Paris (as if there were any other!) Jockey Club like the imbecile Marquis de Chaumont. Thereafter one is sent here and there about the Continent to learn languages—to Paris, to Hanover, to Florence. . . . And finally one is attached to Constantinople, the Paris Conference, the F. O., Teheran . . . with Rome, Tokio, Washington, and the rest of the world as prospective stations.

Such people as ourselves (Gerry and Tommy and Reggie and Eustace) can learn French only from Jeanne de Hénaut who looked like Theodora of Byzantium superimposed upon the Queen of Spades, and who

believed sincerely that God had granted to her the mission to coach young Englishmen for the diplomatic service, and her flaming faculty of self-deception had invested this mission with a gigantic import. She was an uneducated woman. The foundation of her learning was the encyclopedia of Larousse. . . . And yet with all this she had an amazing sense of the French language . . . knew instinc-

tively just the sort of phrasing and idiom which would convey to the examiners the impression that one possessed "toutes les aisances de la langue Française."

This old maid and her mother, in their flat high up in the rue de la Pompe, with its odor of simmering fish, are portrayed with humor and acumen and an absence of sentimentality that is entirely excellent. Professor Malone, another of Mr. Nicholson's subjects—an omniscient, sort of Doctor Dillon expert—has his hide torn away with a tranquil cruelty beautiful to watch. Nor does Miriam Codd, the American behaviorist, fare much better. For one thing, there is her diabolically apt name (far better than Paul Morand's Irene Sidedish, funny though that was); for another, this picture of her:

She was small and mild and gentle and wrapped in a series of blue silk scarfs that matched her eyes. One felt that for forty-five years she had eaten expensive candy, and drunk a great deal of iced water, and had at least 34,000 baths, and worn very clean and fleecy underclothing.

Neville Titmarsh X—, known as "Titty" and the butt of the Diplomatic Service, is the subject of an almost perfect fragment, spoiled by a rather meaningless sentimental turn at the end. But it is the late Lord Curzon and his sottish valet, Arketall, who furnish Mr. Nicolson his perfect sitters. This drunken valet was a source of worry to everybody but the Marquis, who was delighted when Arketall confessed that he was both "very ill and very drunk," and even more charmed when the Marchese Garroni mistook the valet for Sir Roger Keyes, "seized both his hands, and assured him in a torrent of Genoese French how great a debt, how unforgettable a debt, Italy owed to the noble and generous British navy." Curzon walking majestically on a railway platform "as if carrying his own howdah," and promising, in gratitude for Nicolson's finding the trousers hidden by the dismissed valet, to give a private performance of "my celebrated imitation of Tennyson reciting 'Tears, Idle Tears'"; Curzon saying: "You are observing the simple squalor of my bedroom. I can assure you, however, that my wife's apartments are of the most unexampled magnificence"—this Curzon is a most sympathetic figure.

Incidentally, here is Mussolini: "... a small brown gentleman in a brown suit and very white shirt-cuffs. He carried a brown bowler in his left hand and his right was thrust into his waistcoat. The iris of his eyes was entirely surrounded by white, a phenomenon which I had hitherto observed only in the photographs of distinguished mesmerists."

There are other nuggets in this deftly written and extremely pleasant volume.

LEWIS GALANTIERE

Jack London via Moscow

Venture. By Max Eastman. Albert and Charles Boni. \$2.50.

JACK LONDON is very popular in Russia. That is a rather roundabout way of getting at Max Eastman's first "venture" in fiction, but I can't think of any other clue. Truly there is nothing like going back to the classics for inspiration. Not the least important achievement of contemporary criticism has been the excavation of some of our buried literary treasures. Melville has thus come into his own, and Whitman, and Emily Dickinson, and Stephen Crane. In fact, there is the horrible possibility that our appreciation of these pre-Dreiserian anaks may go down as the chief literary contribution of our age. But Jack London is neither ancient enough, nor was he neglected enough in his day, to stand rediscovery.

That is why, for all its puffing virility and swell of pneumatic biceps, "Venture" sounds like a belated anachronistic echo. They are all to be met here again—the familiar London motifs, particularly the pseudo-Nietzscheanism of "The Sea-wolf" and of "The Iron Heel." An American brand of Nietzscheanism not so dissimilar to the muscular Christianity of Bruce Barton. And somehow, though the poet-hero of "Ven-

ture" is from a higher rung in the social ladder, one is reminded irresistibly of "Martin Eden." He is certainly cast in the London mold. In the opening paragraph, with his very first breath so to speak, Mr. Eastman hastens to assure us:

Jo Hancock was healthy. He was the strongest man in his class in college . . . he was sensitive, but like many other sensitive people fond of a fight. His nerves were high-strung, and if you jumped out at him in the dark and said "Boo!" he would spring about four feet automatically, but he would spring at you instead of away from you.

With such a dangerous lack of motor control it is not surprising that Jo should get into mischief. He does. He takes to writing poetry, and lest we should doubt it it is quoted copiously throughout the book. But it stands him in good stead, and when he is bounced from college for some student prank he finds his way to Greenwich Village and sets up as a fashionable "portrait poet." This is one of the most original ideas in the book, and is worth developing—not fictionally but commercially. So is Jo's other inspiration—that of delivering fresh-roasted coffee for breakfast by way of the milkman. In fact, one cannot but help reflecting that Jo would have made a much better captain of industry than his mentor, the class-conscious capitalist Machiavelli, George Forbes, who seems to have no other occupation but spouting Nietzsche. Jo's ideas are less grandiose than Forbes's, but more practical, whereas Forbes would have found it easier to express himself in poetry than in business. It may be necessary for some people to envisage a capitalist conspiracy to capture these United States, as it is for others to conjure up a communist conspiracy, but after all the capitalists are in control. They are sitting pretty, so why should they rhapsodize about it? If George Forbes were more entertaining and original one might do him the honor of a comparison with Shaw's super-capitalist, Andrew Underschaft of "Major Barbara." As it is, one is merely again reminded of Jack London in "The Iron Heel."

But that is stressing unduly the intellectual preoccupations of this novel. "Venture" is no sop for our morbid thin-blooded intelligentsia. It is a he-man's book that should appeal to every red-blooded American, tired unto death of the elaborately spun, soul-tripping subtleties of contemporary fiction. A book full of stirring adventure, plots and counter-plots, society ladies and silk-strikers, love and life. With it its versatile author has added to his poetic laurels, and has proved that it is possible for one and the same person to be a modernist in politics, a classicist in poetry, and a romanticist in fiction.

ALTER BRODY

Art Young Sees Trees

Trees at Night. By Art Young. Boni and Liveright. \$3.

"TREES at Night" is a book of drawings in black and white recording a series of fantastic discoveries made by a surprised artist who under cover of darkness has strayed into a world of elementals. The trees of the forest are inhabited by gigantic misshapen beings whose presence is revealed only at nightfall. Grotesque visages, nodding and grimacing, appear in the shifting foliage, and weird animals rear themselves in silhouette against the sky, the desperate and tragic embodiment of human moods. Whether sadly gay, forlorn, or threatening, these creatures parody humanity and like the Canterville Ghost they yearn to be observed. Thus Mr. Young in portraying them has done them a service. And not only a service to them! Those whose zoological researches have been confined to the cloudy pages of the sky on a windy summer's day may now thank Mr. Young and turn to the forest at night for a bestiary less remote and more bizarre.

Few of us, however, will be able to discover for ourselves a forest populace as strange and various in silhouette as Mr. Young's; for only an extraordinarily eager and fertile fancy may evoke such apparitions as these. And, furthermore, with-

out Mr. Young's arcane gift for spirit photography the casual observer would have only a wandering and distracted tale to tell to his incredulous auditors. Mr. Young's evidence, though, is recorded spontaneously and, with but a few lapses, convincingly. The Man in the Moon drops down into an earthly furze bush heavy with potential faggots and lugs it off on his shoulders, a toiling mortal bearing his burden through all eternity. Out of a tangle of dead and jagged roots a devil's orchestra pipes its litanies of unimaginable sins. A winged cupid drifts across the sky in a leafy barge towed by swans and serpents. A bevy of old, gnarled apple trees, their thin sap turned to hard cider, go suddenly mad with ecstasy. In a tumult of boiling clouds wild horses stream out of panic-frenzied tree tops, a passionate revolt of earth-bound spirits. An ivy-wreathed stump stricken with the pathos of vanishing loveliness casts autumn leaves upon the gale and mourns all the summers beyond recall and all the summers yet to be.

These are only a few of the silhouettes to be found in Art Young's enchanted forest. But they furnish a clew to the allegorical significance of trees when in the moonlight their spirits are free to come forth and with appropriate gestures enact in dumb show the tragi-comedy of human life.

GLEN MULLIN

God's Messenger

American Policy in Nicaragua. By Henry L. Stimson. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

HAVING, with the aid of the Guaranty Trust Company and the marines, bought peace in Nicaragua, Henry L. Stimson reported to the American people through the *Saturday Evening Post*, and his articles have been made into a book. Mr. Stimson pictures himself as a kind of holy ghost, the *alter ego* of the divine State Department, dispensing justice through its only begotten son Don Adolfo Diaz, aided by the Marine Corps. Yet it is possible that even a Yankee god and the Marine Corps may, in a Latin-American country, make mistakes—mistakes all the more dangerous because of the placid consciousness of divine inspiration with which they are made. Doubtless Mr. Stimson did nothing in Nicaragua without a sense of being God's messenger, but mortal weakness crops out at least in this report to the American people. His book, Mr. Stimson must be aware, is a piece of special pleading, a campaign document, calculated propaganda.

The United States has occupied Nicaragua twice—the first time after American interests had precipitated a revolution and made a series of unwarranted loans to their favored candidates. Mr. Stimson mentions the presence of the marines in 1912, but not the bankers and their loans. Nor does he mention the scandalous terms of the loan granted the puppet Diaz Government last spring, to enable it to buy off the Liberals, although he does include his own letter informing the Liberals that he would arrange a payment of \$10 for each gun turned in and send the Marine Corps to collect undelivered arms. His account of the intervention of 1926-27 is a careful selection of the less disgraceful facts.

That intervention began, ostensibly, as a mild effort to "protect American lives and property." Before we got through we had more marines in Nicaragua than there were Americans to be protected; and since Mr. Stimson penned the statement that the oppositionists had been "practically dispersed" the marines have killed six hundred more of them. While the State Department was lying to the American people, stating that we were not intervening, the Marine Corps was establishing neutral zones wherever the Liberal troops were in force, on occasion seizing their arms and dumping them in the river. These facts again Mr. Stimson disingenuously omits. When Mr. Stimson went to Nicaragua, he made his headquarters in Diaz's capital, and his only effort to see President Sacasa was an offer of a

safe conduct to the capital of the rival President. Yet he pictures himself as an impartial judge! On one page he pleads that he could not ask Diaz to resign because the Nicaraguan constitution stood in the way; on another page he reveals himself calmly instructing Diaz to replace judges whom his party had removed and to hold new elections where dishonest ones had been held. Because Diaz was a whipped man, able to sit in the Presidential palace only when aided by United States marines—and was therefore willing to request whatever he was requested to request—Mr. Stimson excuses American intervention as "requested by Nicaragua." One would never guess from his narrative that financial interests had anything to do with American interest in Nicaragua; one would barely suspect that some of the gentlemen at Washington regarded Nicaragua quite as Germany regarded Belgium in 1914. He has the impudence to say, after summarizing his own dictation, that the United States has "in no way transgressed upon the sovereignty and independence of Nicaragua." All that this country of Insull and Vare wants, he indicates, is to make sure that Nicaragua has honest elections.

Mr. Stimson, as the fruit of his Nicaraguan adventure, has been appointed Governor General of the Philippines. The Filipinos too have had difficulty in understanding the kinship between God and the American army.

LEWIS S. GANNETT

Books in Brief

The Modern Development of City Government in the United Kingdom and the United States. By Ernest S. Griffith. Oxford University Press. Two volumes. \$14.

Mr. Griffith's two volumes are a study of comparative municipal government. He traces historically and analytically city government in the United States and in the United Kingdom. Mr. Griffith's main conclusion is that the government of cities should be comparatively free from central control and that local taxation of real property should be based on its capital value rather than on the annual income. On both of these features American cities excel the British. His account of present-day municipal experiments in the United States may be roseate, yet it undoubtedly devastates some preconceptions. He rightly recognizes the blighting effects on English local life of the deep-rooted class distinctions as contrasted with the freer atmosphere in the United States. Education for status which rigid class distinctions imply is abominable, for it assumes the inherent justice of existing inequalities. The author is conversant with governmental structures, but, unlike many of his coworkers, is also able to refer technique to ultimate criteria. However, in his faith in the mysterious potentialities of the "Nordic instinct" he is less than profound. The book is heavily annotated and has a comprehensive bibliography and appendices containing relevant material. It is competent and meritorious.

Samuel Butler and His Family Relations. By Mrs. R. S. Garnett. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$3.75.

This book is a curiously informal addition to our information about Samuel Butler. Mrs. Garnett, whose mother was a cousin of Butler's mother, started out to rescue Butler's parents and sisters from the terrible life beyond life that he had conferred upon them in "The Way of All Flesh." With the aid of letters, a diary, family reminiscences, and old photographs she has pieced together an authentic picture of what Butler's family looked like to well-disposed outsiders, but in that charmingly domestic picture—as Mrs. Garnett came to realize—there is nothing inconsistent with Butler's version in "The Way of All Flesh," so far as that version may be regarded as history and not fiction. With a certain reluctance she shows how a family of well-meaning, decent, and generally likable bigots can make life a perfect hell for an affectionate, gener-

ous, but self-willed child. Mrs. Garnett also establishes that Butler's conduct toward his relatives, however bitter his feelings may have been at times, was unvaryingly kind, thoughtful, and conciliatory.

Samuel Butler. By C. E. M. Joad. Small, Maynard and Company. \$1.75. *An Historical and Critical Review of Samuel Butler's Literary Works.* By W. G. Bekker. Rotterdam: Nijgh & Van Ditmar's Uitgevers-Maatschappij. *Samuel Butler—Critic and Philosopher.* By P. J. De Lange. Zutphen: W. J. Thieme & Cie.

These three studies are evidence that Butler is still sufficiently alive to be worth a fresh examination. Mr. Joad, in a breezy little book, outlines Butler's life and chief ideas and tries to show that Butler has exercised a widespread influence on contemporary thought. Unfortunately, the proofs of that influence do not exist. It is true that the old Victorian iconoclast did cherish certain notions that strongly resemble the more elaborately worked-out ideas of such variegated men as Bergson, Shaw, Eucken, William James, and Bertrand Russell; but it would be impossible to show that any of them, except Shaw, owes anything to him. He was in fact a popularizer rather than an originator of ideas, and even as a popularizer he accomplished little until long after his death. The two Dutch studies (written in English) are doctors' dissertations. For some reason Butler is a favorite subject for academic investigations. Mr. Bekker's volume is invertebrate in structure and pedestrian in tone, but contains some valuable facts and observations. Miss De Lange has produced a colorless but useful analysis of Butler's thought and done all that very well can be done to reduce it to a system.

Those Quarrelsome Bonapartes. R. Gordon Anderson. The Century Company. \$2.50.

There is no special reason for this book. Mrs. Barrington in "The Thunderer" has covered the same ground with more vivacity. Napoleon's life story, however, is too tremendous a thing to cover within the narrow grounds of a romance, and Mr. Anderson's light, sentimental, slightly old-fashioned style seems very inadequate. Perhaps this book will make the best reading for boys and girls of high-school age, for it is entertaining enough, and incidentally fairly accurate. Meanwhile, for those who are interested in the real Napoleons the original sources still seem the most romantic.

Music

Yehudi Menuhin

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It may interest you to know that Yehudi Menuhin loves his weekly *Nation* next best to his violin. It is upon his request that I am now asking you to see to it that we do not miss any copies. *The Nation* is of a great help to us to give Yehudi a liberal education. We prefer to teach him privately at home. He has not reached his tenth birthday.

A few days ago, while on a hike with his best friend through the Golden Gate Park, prior to his appearance with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra as soloist in the Tchaikovsky Concerto, I overheard their heated debate about Debs. His friend told him that the high-school teacher had called Debs "a downright law-breaker"; to which Yehudi answered that on the contrary Debs was "not only a lover of humanity but also a lover of human individuals. . . ."

San Francisco, December 18, 1926

MOSHE MENUHIN

THIS letter, printed a year ago, gave us our first knowledge of the ten-year-old boy who stood upon the stage of Carnegie Hall in New York on the evening of December 12 and thrilled one of the most representative audiences that ever crowded that historic place. No one who heard but left believ-

ing that he had looked upon and listened to genius. Critics were there to pick flaws—of course. They found that his intonation was at times faulty, that occasionally—very rarely—there was a slip which they admitted was immediately compensated for by a wealth of tone, a power, a maturity of feeling and interpretation that left them astounded beyond words. They criticized the length and difficulty of his program; he played five of the most difficult compositions written for the violin with complete confidence and marvelous skill and after four encores he played a fifth with as much vigor and beauty as ever. Beyond that they could only indulge in adjectives of praise and declare that the overworked and misapplied word "genius" applied this time. Indeed, there were many who left declaring their belief in reincarnation. It was impossible, they said, for a mere child not only to have acquired such extraordinary technique but to have played like a virtuoso of thirty years of professional and mental development. Perhaps the letter cited above helps to prove the maturity of this child.

Yet Yehudi Menuhin is no forced hothouse plant, no mere prodigy driven to his tasks by exploiting parents and masters. A nice, normal, rather chubby boy, looking like a boy and not a freak, he faced the audience fired by its presence but calm and unconcerned, and between pieces turned to his teacher so naturally and eagerly as to betray a sweet and trustful nature. He began by playing with breath-taking virtuosity that "Devil's Trill" Sonata of Tartini which was for years and years deemed beyond the power even of first-class violinists because of its extraordinary difficulties. It was a show-piece of Paganini whose mastery was explained by his physical deformity—due to abuse, starvation, neglect, and the torture of endless hours of practicing forced upon him by inhuman parents and teachers. Yehudi played it as calmly and as easily as if those really devilish double trills were a matter of course, so easily that few of the audience could have realized its vast difficulties.

Next he came out to play for twenty minutes, without accompaniment, the Chaconne of Bach. Standing there alone, he attacked this "supreme test of a violinist" with amazing confidence, with a purity and power of tone incredible for one so young whose instrument is only three-quarter size. Endless variations he played with unflagging tempo, with a maturity as if he had known and studied this great master throughout a long life; and he finished unfatigued, with the same cool deliberation which marked the beginning. And that great audience of thousands again cheered and clapped and clapped, having been led by a child into the highest realms of musical art. There followed Mozart's Concerto in D Major, only once before heard in New York, Chausson's "Poème," and Wieniawski's familiar "Souvenirs of Moscow." The "Poème" revealed again extraordinary maturity of romance, and deep emotion; it was played in superb and moving tones, and with a finished legato that a Heifetz or a Kreisler could be proud of. The famous harmonics of the Wieniawski, which even great artists have been known to slip up on, went as faultlessly as could be desired.

Here is a marvel, indeed, to prove that talent and genius are not outlawed in this machine age. If his wise parents, who are opposed to all overdoing, carry on as they have begun the burden of their terrific responsibility, there is no question that this little *Nation* reader will in a brief space of years stand with the violin leaders of today. Indeed, it rests only with his teachers whether he will not lift the art of violin playing one notch higher than it has gone as yet.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

A Letter from Madame Zimbalist

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It may have been Dickens who cast the first stone at child prodigies. The portrait of the infant phenomenon in "Nicholas Nickleby" must have been, at any rate, the author's sardonic reaction to a common exploitation of clever children by

equally clever parents. Dickens's infant phenomenon is a caricature, of course; a violent burlesque but one constructed on authentic data. This little girl prodigy is the wonder of her parents and of the smaller provinces of England. Her famous dance with the Savage, billed, if I remember, as the Child and the Savage, was the *pièce de résistance* of the theatrical entertainment with which Nicholas found employment. However, just as the reader is about to lose himself in wonderment at the talents of the grotesque child he is brought up sharp with the insinuation by the author that the Phenomenon retained her infant stature by having constantly at her disposal an unlimited supply of gin and water.

I wonder what Dickens would have made of little Yehudi Menuhin, the child violinist who set the town by the ears recently with his amazing performance of the Beethoven Concerto; for the genius of this little boy is as obvious as the Infant Phenomenon's was spurious. The Beethoven work is held to be the severest test of the musicianship of a grown-up violinist. That a child of ten should attempt it was startling in itself. But Yehudi did more than tackle a grown-up job; he played the concerto with the poise of one who had always lived in the most rarified altitudes of music. Light-heartedly, Yehudi nimbly scaled steep musical inclines which mature artists tread with pain and labor. It was evident that the little boy had done a lot of practicing, but no amount of finger work could have given him that insight into the mysteries of musical beauty which his playing so clearly evinced.

One is rather apprehensive of what time will do to this extraordinary baby. Experience may add passion to his playing but it will, in return, rob him of the divine unconsciousness, the tender nobility of his art. As he is now, he looks at music as one of Raphael's child angels looks at heaven—with absolute trust. It were a pity for time to destroy that attitude.

ALMA GLUCK

Drama

Holiday Suggestions

THE week of December 11 was a blank in theatrical history so far as New York is concerned. I seize the opportunity of submitting the following list of current productions which I remember with pleasure and which I recommend to the attention of those bound theaterward. The choice is catholic and the list is printed in alphabetical order. No "hold-overs" from last season are included.

"An Enemy of the People" (Hampden Theater). Walter Hampden's entertaining revival of the Ibsen comedy.

"And So to Bed" (Harris Theater). Mr. Pepys disports himself in appropriate fashion.

"Artists and Models" (Winter Garden). The standardized revue at its best.

"The Baby Cyclone" (Henry Miller's Theater). Wholly conventional but really laughable farce.

"The Command to Love" (Longacre Theater). Suave and amusing comedy in spite of a persistent and successful effort to be naughty.

"A Connecticut Yankee" (Vanderbilt Theater). Mark Twain's romance set to music.

"Coquette" (Maxine Elliott's Theatre). The tragic story of a modern girl who does not fit the traditions of Southern Chivalry.

"Escape" (Booth Theater). Galsworthy's slight but interesting play showing what an escaped convict learned about English society.

"Four Walls" (John Golden Theater). The story of a crook who learned that stone walls do not a prison make. Highly melodramatic but interesting.

"Funny Face" (Alvin Theater). Gershwin musical comedy made more lively by the dancing of the two Astaires.

"The Good Hope" (Fourteenth Street Theater). Eva Le Gallienne's beautiful revival of a naturalistic study of Dutch fisherfolk.

Max Reinhardt's Company (Century Theater). Various productions by the most famous of all stage directors.

"The Mikado" (Royale Theater). An almost perfect production of the Gilbert and Sullivan opera.

"Porgy" (Republic Theater). The Theater Guild's production of a play taken from Dubose Heyward's novel of life among the Negroes of Charleston. Remarkable for its fine and exciting stage effects.

"The Shannons" (Martin Beck Theater). An hilarious piece of hokum written by James Gleason for the purpose of exploiting the personalities of himself and Lucile Webster.

"Taming of the Shrew" (Garrick Theater). A "modern dress" production of Shakespeare which is one of the most amusing things now on Broadway. With Basil Sydney and Mary Ellis.

"The Trial of Mary Dugan" (National Theater). Preposterous but novel and exciting melodrama all taking place in a courtroom.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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Sunday, December 25

11 A.M. JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

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International Relations Section

Parties and Politics in Rumania

By AURELIU JON POPESCU

BEFORE the war Rumania divided her political life between two parties—the Conservative and the Liberal. The Conservative Party represented the latifundary landlords and the Liberals the upper and lower middle classes and the economic and financial institutions which they created. It has been asserted that liberalism in Rumania has had no political reality. I do not share this opinion. Through the dissemination of liberal ideas the Liberal Party was the master builder of the Rumanian civilization of the second half of the nineteenth century, continuing its progressive activity down to 1914.

Then came the World War and the Russian Revolution and under their pressure two long-due and promised reforms were precipitated in Rumania, a political and an economic one: universal manhood suffrage and the agrarian laws. The latter resulted not only in a nominal transfer of land to the peasants but also in a redistribution of wealth at the expense of the landlords, who received for their land only one-twentieth of its real value. The price of the expropriated land was fixed according to the price obtaining in 1919 and previously, bonds being given to the landlords, and when after 1919 the Rumanian currency (as well as the bonds in terms of money) fell in value, as a result of the post-war inflation general in Europe, no government dared to tamper with the settlement already made. To have altered it would have been extremely dangerous in view of the close proximity of Soviet Russia. Both reforms were carried out in Rumania without bloodshed or revolution.

But these reforms as well as the union with the new provinces have upset the pre-war political balance. The large estates still remaining (about 15 per cent of the total area of the country) have lost their former political privileges on account of the universal franchise and have been reduced to simple properties equal with the other forms of property on which the Rumanian Liberal Party has always been and is still based. The Conservative Party has consequently disappeared while the conservative groups have more and more been drawn into the Liberal Party, which, in its turn, under the simultaneous attack of peasant radicalism and socialism, has become a conservative force. On the other hand the peasant element, propertied and awakened to political life through universal suffrage, has been pushed toward a political organization of its own interests. Hence the appearance of the Peasant Party.

Because it has taken the place and grown from the roots of the old Conservative Party, from the agrarian estates, many people have assumed that the interests of the large estates would coincide with those of the small estates and have drawn the unjustified conclusion that the Peasant Party is a conservative party. In reality this party is on the left wing of Rumanian politics vacated by the passing of the Liberal Party to the right. In fact the program of the Peasant Party is little more than a series of liberal claims, some of which have long since been carried into effect in England (the chief source of inspiration of this party), others of which have arisen out of economic and social conditions in Rumania. The leaders of the Peasant

Party have not embraced radical doctrines fanatically but have adapted them to the needs of the country.

Politically and economically the Peasant Party may be considered a liberal party. It stands for individual ownership of land but strongly favors the development of peasant property through cooperatives for the marketing and buying of agricultural produce and implements (80 per cent of the Rumanian population are peasants). It further stands for local government and administrative responsibility (both for public officials and ministers) thus departing from the traditional *droit administratif* which has occasioned so much abuse. In the matter of tariff policy it is strongly opposed to protection for industries having no natural economic basis of development; the only protection that it supports is that given to infant industries having such a basis. As for the "Liberal" Party's program—the name is now a misnomer—it is scarcely different from the usual conservative platform, representing the interests of big business and finance.

In Rumania today there is normally no room for more than two large governing parties crystallizing opposite interests—on the one hand a conservative party (whatever its name) supporting the interests of the large industries, financial and commercial groups with powerful tendencies toward trusts, monopolies, and high tariffs, and on the other a left party representing the interests of the thousands of small peasant holdings, with tendencies toward cooperation and the protection of the producer. It is these two currents that will shape the modern life of Rumania.

The political changes which have occurred in Rumania since the war are in agreement with the spirit of post-war Europe. In Western Europe, liberalism, the pre-war agency of political reform, is being replaced by the evolutionary Socialist parties which continue the political reforms and begin seriously to press a series of social reforms. In Eastern Europe, especially in Rumania, Czecho-Slovakia, and Yugoslavia, the peasant parties continue the work of the old liberal parties. What has been liberalism in the past is conservatism today. What is liberalism today will be conservatism in future decades. And so each party is fated to play this double part of progress and conservation: demolishing or transforming old institutions in order to change them into new ones which it will defend later on against the attacks of the new parties that will inevitably appear.

The two opposed political creeds have developed their strongholds in the Old Kingdom. The contribution of the new provinces in the political sphere has been in personnel rather than in political ideology. Bessarabia, radical as a result of the Russian upheaval, has almost totally turned toward the Peasant Party. In Transylvania the National Party is the direct descendant of the old regional party which conducted the fight against Austro-Hungarian tyranny. In 1926 this party fused with the Peasant Party, forming the present National Peasant Party, the leadership going to Mr. Julius Maniu, head of the former National Party. Several factors have militated against a quicker amalgamation of these groups: first, the lack of homogeneity in the National Party, whose Transylvanian wing represented a moderate liberalism but whose Old Kingdom wing was conservative and could not collaborate effectively

with the political personnel of the Peasant Party; second, the lack of effective leadership; third, the bitter opposition of the Liberal Party to the fusion of the opposition groups. The Liberal Party leaders realized the need of a second party but desired that it should be weak and subordinated and standing on the right with no roots in the masses of the people. Consequently the Liberals encouraged the formation of an ultra-conservative party (Averescu's People's Party), nursing it in the dark under the warm and protective wing of the palace camarilla, and at the same time they fought to a finish the Peasant Party, naively hoping for its destruction.

The People's Party was organized by General Averescu in 1918—on the basis of his then great popularity—as a reformist party with an opportunist program. It was founded at about the time that the old Conservative Party fell to pieces. Having entirely spent his popularity in his first term of office from 1920 to 1922, Averescu turned toward the Liberal Party and since then has assisted it in ruling Rumania on conservative and industrial lines. He has not attempted any agrarian policy, although he promised to do so, and has reaped the rewards of servility. He has been brought into power by the Liberal Party and has been turned out of power without even the elements of political decorum which might have been observed in deference to the General's old age and success as a war leader.

To understand how it has been possible for the Liberal Party to rule Rumania uninterruptedly from 1918, whether nominally in power or not, the following facts should be kept in mind: According to the Rumanian constitution the Crown has the power to nominate and recall its ministers. As the late King has been closely associated with the Liberal Party and especially with Mr. Bratianu who dominated him, he has invariably called to the palace and intrusted with the power either Bratianu or his nominees who, once in power, proceeded to the formation of a majority by the wholesale manipulation of elections. Granted free elections, as in England or Czecho-Slovakia, the power of the king would at once become nominal. In Rumania, on the contrary, the royal prerogative has so far been used in an absolute manner. It is customary neither to follow the English system of calling to the palace and intrusting with the formation of the new government the largest parliamentary group, nor to follow the momentary currents of public opinion. Consequently, as the elections have been so far engineered, the Crown can impose on the country any government it desires. Thus the Rumanian monarchy, though nominally constitutional, in practice is absolute.

As a result of this the Peasant Party as the exponent of liberalism and agrarian interests has been kept out of power and a type of industrial legislation has been forced on the country which has been universally criticized: instinctively by the peasants and scientifically by economists and sociologists as unsuited to Rumanian needs. It has been contended by the Opposition that the first effort of post-war reconstruction should have been the scientific organization of agriculture, and that only after an internal market had thus been created should attention have been given to those industries that have a natural basis of development. The whole political history of Rumania from 1919 to the present day revolves in fact around the conflict between agrarian and industrial interests and around the formation of an agrarian party.

On the other hand the supremacy of conservatism and

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of its leader Bratianu has perhaps been unavoidable during this post-war period of rapid changes and new creeds. Herein lies, perhaps more than in anything else, the secret of the late Premier's power, although his dignified bearing, simplicity of life, and breadth of culture added to his popularity. For good or evil, and in spite of his efforts to avert it, Bratianu's invisible dictatorial policy has helped tremendously to bring about the return to the two-party system and the creation of the National Peasant Party by showing the hopelessness of a disunited front against him.

In the dynastic question as such the Peasant Party is not interested. It has repeatedly declared that the solution lies not in the replacement of one crowned head by another but in the adoption of constitutional methods and free elections. The National Peasant Party aims to introduce modern constitutional methods in Rumania and as such it will on no account support the present regime. This is the reason why it has refused to collaborate with the Liberal Party, demanding the dissolution of the Chamber and new and free elections.

Nobody can predict what the future has in store for Rumania but one thing can be predicted: whatever changes take place will be along evolutionary and not revolutionary lines, in spite of the fact that during the last three years several revolutions have been announced in that essentially peaceful country. If a revolution should be made it would have to emanate from one of the existing political parties. The conservatives (the Liberal Party, Averescu, and the rest) are not interested in a revolution while the National Peasant Party stands for legal means and constitutionalism. On the basis of past political history, it would appear that Rumania is approaching a reversal of its present system and a return to normal, constitutional methods in its political life. That would mean government by the Peasant Party, for, given free elections, the party would probably obtain little less than 90 per cent of the votes.

The Regency will have to decide soon whether it thinks it more beneficial to the country to continue the old interpretation of constitutional powers or to adopt the modern English interpretation as demanded by public opinion. Upon this decision will turn the immediate future of Rumania.

Progress Under the Soviets

THE statistics printed below were compiled from official reports of the Soviet Government, and show in tabular form the advance made by the USSR in education and in agriculture and industry during the ten years of the revolution.

EDUCATION

	Before the War (1911-1914)	1926
Number of elementary school pupils for each 100 population.....	4.5	5.6
Educational institutions:		
Elementary schools	104,610	100,933
Pupils	7,236,000	9,434,000
Secondary schools	1,790	1,690
Pupils	564,000	710,000
Vocational schools	2,877	4,329
Pupils	267,000	531,000
Universities and colleges.....	97	138
Students	110,000	162,000
Educational institutions for grown-ups, Schools for the liquidation of illiteracy	none	50,925

Students	"	1,635,000
General educational courses for grown-ups		
Students	"	70,000
Party schools, political courses, and Communist colleges (excl. of the Ukraine and the Caucasian Federation)	"	5,857
Students	"	206,000
* * * *		
Percentage of illiteracy in the army..	27.	5.3
Daily newspaper circulation (in round figures)	2,500,000	8,500,000

AGRICULTURE AND INDUSTRY

	1913	1926-27
Agriculture and stock raising. Value of production in prices of the year 1913 (in millions of rubles).....	10,225	11,580
Forestry	812	977
Fishing and hunting.....	244	218
Industry (total output in millions of rubles at pre-war prices)		
Large factory industry.....	6,354	6,611
Small plants and home industry...	1,395	1,209
Building industry (new construction)..	1,274	1,268
Transportation		
Railways (length of the system in kilometers)	58,500	76,200
Loadings (in million tons).....	132.4	131.2
Electrification		
Capacity of existing power stations in kilowatts		
Regional stations	185,000	386,000
(in 1915)		
Factory stations	no data	750,000
Local power stations.....	169,000	304,000
(in 1915)		

Contributors to This Issue

Under the title Covering Washington, *The Nation* is printing a biweekly Washington letter.

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AURELIU JON POPESCU has done research on Rumanian politics and economics, was editor of the *Independenta Economica*, and is now in this country.

DOROTHY BREWSTER is in the department of English at Columbia University and coauthor of "Dead Reckonings in Fiction."

ALTER BRODY is soon to publish a volume of plays.

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